OXFORD.
CAMBRIDGE.

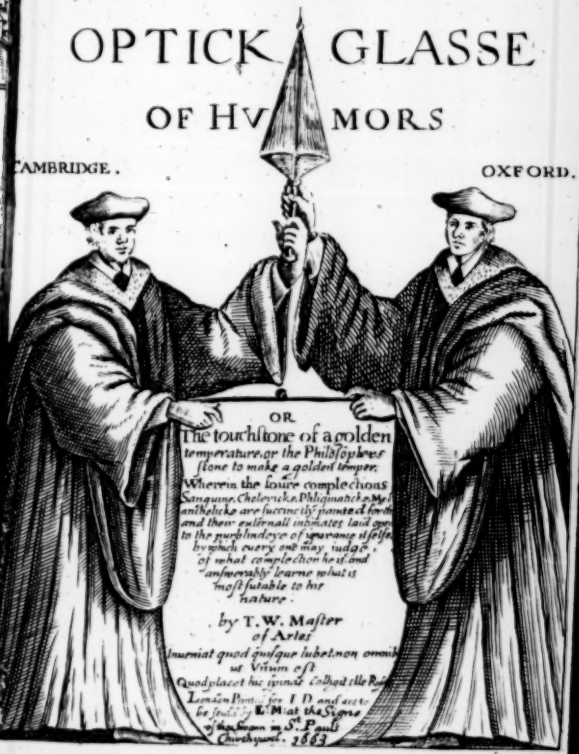
Gemini Libra Aquarius :
Aries Leo Sagittarius :
Cancer Scorpio Pisces :
Taurus Virgo Capricornus :
IVPITER.
AER
AVSTER
VER
Adolescentia
Sanguine
Complexio
MARS :
IGNIS :
FAVONIVS :
ÆSTAS
IVVENTVS
Cholerick
Complexio
SATVRNVS :
TERRA :
AQVILO :
HYEMS
SENECTVS
Melancholy
Complexio
LVNA
AQVA :
EVRVS
AVTVMNVS
Vergens ætas
Phlegmat
Complexio

OXFORD.
CAMBRIDGE.

Gemini Libra Aquarius :
Aries Leo Sagittarius :
Cancer Scorpio Pisces :
Taurus Virgo Capricornus :
IVPITER.
AER
AVSTER
VER
Adolescentia
Sanguine
Complexio
MARS :
IGNIS :
FAVONIVS :
ÆSTAS
IVVENTVS
Cholerick
Complexio
SATVRNVS :
TERRA :
AQVILO :
HYEMS
SENECTVS
Melancholy
Complexio
LVNA
AQVA :
EVRVS
AVTVMNVS
Vergens ætas
Phlegmat
Complexio

THE OPTICK GLASSE OF HVMORS

CAMBRIDGE. OXFORD.



OR

The touchstone of a golden temperature, or the Philosophers stone to make a golden temper.

Wherein the foure complections Sanguine, Cholericke, Phlegmaticke, Melancholicke are succinctly painted forth and their externall intimates laid open to the purblindeye of ignorance itself, by which every one may judge of what complection he is, and answerably learne what is most suitable to his nature.

by T. W. Master of Artes

Inueniat quod quisque lubet, non omnibus Vnum est

Quod placet his spinae Colligit ille Rosas

London Printed for I. D. and are to be sold by E. M. at the Signe of the Swan in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1663

THE OPTICK GLASSE OF HUMORS

OR

The Touchstone of a Golden Temperature: Or the Philosophers Stone to make a golden Temper.

Wherein the foure Complexions, Sangume, Cholericke, Phligmaticke, Melancholicke, are succinctly painted forth, and their externall Intimates laid open to the purblind eye of ignorance it self, by which every one may judge of what Complexion he is, and answerably learne what is most suitable to his Nature.

By T. W. Master of Arts.

Inveniat quod quisque libes, non omnibus Vnum est.
Quod placet hic spinas Colligit ille Rosa.

LONDON,
Printed for *G. Dawson*, and are to be sold by *Edward Mav*, at the signe of the White Swanne in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard. 1664.

16-624

To the right Worſhipfull, wiſe, and learned Knight, Sir JUSTINIAN LEWIN,

T. W. wiſheth event of all Felicity.

PRivate ſtudy, we may not unfitly ſay, repleniſheth the veſſel; wiſe parly and communication gives the vent, and eaſie flow; and Secretaryſhip the ſale: the one loads the memory, the other lends the ſmooth delivery, the laſt perfects the judgment, and wins chiefeſt glory. So that ſtudious diligence, without writing, and conference, is the dull picture of *Harpocrates*, the God of Silence, who is feigned to

wear a Wolf's skin full of ears & eyes, but ſealing up his lips with his fore-finger, as mute as marble *Niobe*: and ſo writing, without both, is the Picture of jangling *Therſites*, whoſe words (as the Poet ſaith, were without meaſure, and wit without weight, as laviſh in tongue as *Battus*. The Hieroglyphick of a true Scholar is the Hare, that ſleeps waking with her eyes open, and wakes ſleeping with her eyes ſhut: that is, who ſeems to meditate when he is in action, and to practiſe when he is in meditation. Or, as other emblemiſts have lim'nd forth a right ſtudent, ever to have one eie ſhut, and another open; having in his right hand *Phoſphorus*, with his Motto in one word, *Vigilo*; and *Heſperus* in the other hand, with this word, *Dormio*: to intimate, that he ſhould divide the day and night for practiſe & ſpeculation, to equalize the times of both at his fitter opportunity, neither to act *Democritus*,

Picrius.

mocritus, (who ſo might worthily have laugh'd at his own folly) that put out his own eyes, to become a continual Contemplator: nor to be like *Nicias*, who, as *Ælian* records, forgot his meat, by being too intent on his painting. As ſwift Torrents oft run themſelves dry by too much motion: ſo ſtanding Pools do putrifie by no motion. There is a fair tract between *Scylla* & *Charybdis* for Wiſdom to traverſe in: an happy Orb betwixt *Saturn* and *Luna*, for *Phaeton* to guide his Coach in: ſo between all Action and altogether Contemplation, for a Student to converſe in. For conferring, I do paſs it over, as that, whereto I ſeldome have been beholden, yet much affecting it, and knowing, that it brings a great accrument unto Wiſdom, and Learning: as concerning my Study, and Reading, it hath been but mean, I muſt needs confeſs, and my Writing very

Ælianus l. 3. cap. 13.

penurious in regard of theirs, who have enriched whole reams of Paper with the *Indian* Mine, and golden chaffer of their invention: yet for that module of theſe habiliments in me, I have ever bent my judgment, ſo far as in it lay, to limit all theſe unto their peculiar time, objects, and places, and have tendred my endeavor to have eſpecially two, the one correſpondent unto the other: neither to act *Democritus*, nor *Nicias*; but by intercourſe to mix my ſweeter Meditation with bitter, yet profitable, & better Action. And, as in other things of greater or leſs moment, ſo in this alſo, the abortive iſſue of my Wit, begot of that abundance of love I owe unto your ſelf, whoſe manifold kindneſſes if I ſhould bury in oblivion, I might worthily ſeem ingrateful; if remembring, I ſhould not in ſome ſort requite, I might ſeem odious, & reſpectleſs both

of

of mine own good name, and your better deſert: the latter whereof is much, yet the firſt much more, a delicious fruit, that grows from the tree of Gratitude. The *Eleans* therefore, ſaith *Pauſanias*, did paint forth the three *Graces*, holding theſe three things in their hands,—*Roſam*, *Myrrham*, *Talum*: to intimate, that from thankfulneſs proceed 3 fruits. Firſt, the ſweetneſs of a good name, ſhadowed out by the ſweet-ſmelling Roſe. 2. The profit redounding from it, inſinuated by the Myrrh-branch. And laſtly, chief comfort and hilarity, ſignified by the Coccal-bone, which eſpecially is competent to young age: which three compriſe all *Ariſtotles* three Goods. Howſoever I may ſeem to aim at the firſt, as may be infer'd by my precedent ſpeech, alway highly prizing a good name, as a pretious oynrment, vapouring forth a fragrant ſmell, and delicious o-

Pauſan. in Eliacis.

odour in all mens noſtrils: and at the laſt, as deſirous of mine own delightſome contentment, and comfort, iſſuing from my thankfulneſs; yet for the other, more agreeing to Sycophants, and crumb-catching *Paraſites*, it moves not once within the Zodiack of my expectation, I only ſatisfying my ſelf with the former. Neither did I in the wain of my judgment attempt this, as deſirous to draw in the perfuming breath of vain-glory, to puff up my ſelf with ſelf-conceit, like the *Chamæleon*, which is *---nil præter pulmones*, nothing but Lungs: but only thinking to break the Ice, happily to wade farther, and to imploy my ſelf in greater tasks, as fitter opportunity ſhall object her ſelf unto me, if the prefined term & limit of my life permit; and withall, in lieu of gratitude, to preſent your ſelf with this little, which ſeems much in regard of my wants, and labour; as much ſeems little

in

in reſpect of your ever kind favor. For this, as alſo your other endowments, my Pen might worthily fill whole Pages: but your ſplendent Virtues can eaſily be their own Heraulds, to limn forth their own Armory, and to extoll in preſence, is more glavering, and Poetical, then true loving, and pathetical. This only my affection cannot conceal, your gracious demeanour, generous carriage, courteous nature, ſtudious endeavour, and wiſdome for managing your ſelf each where (when you happily were a flouriſhing branch, engraffed into the fruitful Olive-tree of this our *Athens*, that thrice famous Univerſity of *Cambridge*) were firſt the ſympathizing Adamants of my affection: your continuance after in all ſtudious actions, conſtancy in your favours and kind diſpoſition (for I muſt needs ſay, as he of *Auguſtus*, ----*Rarus tu quidem ad recipiendas amicitias*, Sextus Iurelius Victor.

ad retinendas verò conſtantiſsimus) theſe incited me to cauſe that, which, as a Spark, lay ſhrouded in embers in my breaſt, to exhibit it ſelf more apparantly in this little flame.

Take this my endeavour, I pray you, in worth, cheriſh and foſter this deformed brood of my brain in the lap (if I may ſo term it) of your good liking, and in love eſteem it fair, though badly penſil'd over, to wit, as *Daphnis* ſaid to *Dam*.

——Τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ πέφανται·

Qui minimè ſunt pulchra, en pulchra videntur amanti!

If the happy *Dæmon* of *Vlyſſes* direct not the wandering Planet of my Wit within the decent Orb of wiſdom, my ſtammering Pen ſeeming far overgon with ſuperfluity of Phraſe; yet, wanting

wanting matter, I anſwer with the Poet, one only word inverted,

Qui non eſt hodiè, cras magis aptus erit.

He, that is *Homer's Irus* for faculty to day, may be a rich *Cræſus* for invention to morrow. As it is with cogitations ſo with Actions: the ſecond reliſh more of Wiſdom. Perfection requires tract of time. *Rome's Capitol* was not built the firſt day: nor was *Zeuxis* his *Helena* ſuddenly limn'd forth with one Pencil. Look not on theſe Rhapſodized lines, I pray you, with a pitying eye, I had rather far be envied, then pittied.

——— κρεῖσσων γαρ οἰκτιρμῶν φθόνος. Pindar. Pyth od. 1.

Melior eſt invidentia commiſeratione:

Better by much is a caſehateful, then woful.

woful. Now will I humby take my leave, committing you to the tuition of that heavenly Tutour, whose Pupils we are all.

Camb. From my Study in St. *John's*, *X. Calend. March.*

Ever most devoted unto you

In all faithfulness,

T. W.

To the Reader.

KNowledg concealed, and not broached for a publick uſe, is like to a peerleſs Gem interred in the centre of the earth, whereof no man knows, but he, that hid it: yet is there a due regard to be had, leſt at any time it prove abortive. For the golden tongue of Wiſdome, that reliſheth all, not by Imagination, but true Judgment (whoſe taſte never can be ſophiſticated) ſays, It is better not to be divulged at all, then preproperouſly before the time. Thou mayeſt ſay peradventure, that in this I have imitated the Amygdala *or Almond-tree, in* Phiny, *that ſo haſtily buds, and brings forth her fruit; or, like the* Lapwing, *being lately hatched, I do run (as it were) with the ſhell on my head; that I have ſoared alſo above my pitch, attempting an Eagle's flight with the wings of a Wren; in the high ſpring-tide of an over-weening opinion, ſhewing unto the Critick's eye, the dead low ebb of my ſhallow*

Plinl. nat. hiſt. lib 16. cap. 25.

shallow judgment. Thou mayst term me an Homer's Therſites, ἀμεξοεπὴς, *or, as it was ſaid of* Trajan *the Emperour, when he vaunted of his* Parthian *Trophy before the Gods, to be* φθεγγόμενον μᾶλλον, ἢ λέγον, *more reſpecting a ſound of words, then a ſounder matter it ſelf thou mayst condemn me for many an error, & eſcape, in theſe my ruder lines. I know right well, thou uſeſt not to gape after gudgeons.—*

Julian. In his Cæſares

Martialis. Præda canum lepus eſt, vaſtos non implet hiatus.

The Hare's repaſt for Hounds, the vaſter jaws
It doeth not ſatiate.——

*Gentle Reader, eall this to mind,—*Ῥᾴον μωμήσασθαι ἢ μιμήσασθαι, *It is far eaſier not to like, then to do the like. But howſoever thou doſt either uneivilly prejudicate my labour with a ſiniſter conceit, misconſtruing my meaning; or unconrteouſly cenſure of my inability, impeaching my good name for ſome things, that do diſtaſte thy delicate palate,* Jacta nobis eſt alea, *I have ſet all at ſix and Seven, and I intend by the Muſes favour happily to go on, though unhappily I have begun.*

gnu. Notwithſtanding, I will aſſoil my ſelf, and make anſwer unto thy former, either ſecret ſumiſes, or open cavils. For the firſt, if I have imitated the Almond-tree, it is to keep in ſtore a bitter Almond for the prating Parrat, that licentiouſly thus ſpeaketh of me; who is alwaies, like the Fooll, a Conſonant, when he ſhould be a Mute; and a Mute, when he ſhould be a Conſonant. In that I ſeem to ſoar aloft too high, give me leave to uſe Auſonius *his words unto* Pauline, *yet a little inverted;* Auſonius Paulino epiſt. 19.

---Dicis me *Icarum* eſſe, haud bellé; nam ſumma ſic appetam (ſpero) ut non decidam:

I hope, I ſhall not prove an aſpiring Icarus, *nor another* Thales *in* Diogenes Laertius, *who, whilſt he look'd high, and was contemplating on the Stars, fell grovelling into a deep ditch. For the third, much appertaining to every brain-ſick* Narciſſus, *I do altogether diſclaim that, ſince it never ſo much as inſinuated it ſelf into the boſome of my Imagination, my Genius not deſiring to be perfumed with ſmokie praiſe, or ſoon-vaniſhing & vulgar glory, chiefly uſhered by ſelf-conceit. For my taint with* Therſites *&* Trajan's *fault, I will only uſe for my defence that Speech of* Jocaſte *to* Eteocles,

—ἀλλ'

Eurlpides in his Phœnissa. —— ἀλλ' ἡ μπειρία
Ἔχει τι λέξαι τῆς νέων σοφώτερον,

Old age (in whose breast long Experience hath treasured up great store of wisdom) can speak far more wisely, & exactly, then younger years. For the last of all, any error committed: Answer, it may be an errour of ignorance seen to thee, yet it is an ignorance of the errour unseen to me; whereof if privately thou demandest a reason, I can, I doubt not, & will make it good for thy satisfaction, if reason will satisfie thee. Yet if not, give leave unto thy harsh and torn invention, if for nought else, but this, in that I derogate from no man's due desert, nor seek to traduce any untotheir least disparagement;

(a) plaint

(bud:
Blast not with a Critick breath my tender
My vulgar Muse respects a common good:
For thee my pen strouts on this paper Stage,
Though it do act without an Equipage.
To quench thy learned thirst, I mean to drain
The *Hippocrenian* Fountain of my brain.
My wish is good, my act, I know, is ill;
The first's a mountain, this a lowly hill.
With carping fingers let me not be scan'd:
Poise not the gift, but weigh the giver's hãd.

I am

To the Reader.

I am well ſure, that thou wilt here expect with Angel. Politian, Τὰ μὲν κοινὰ καινῶς, τὰ δὲ καινὰ κοινῶς, *that is, Vulgar things uttered after a ſort, and novelty after a Vulgar ſort, without affectation; that I ſhould be a rich eloquent Merchant of Exotick and new-found Phraſes; that I ſhould intraverſe, and interlard my ſpeeches with lively conceits; enrich thy learned Ears with right* Athenian *Jewels; illuminate the Eye of thy underſtanding with the luſtre of* Rhetorical *Colours; that the whole work ſhould be mixt with an* ——Omne tulit punctum. *And ſurely, ſo far, as each thing is conſonant, and harmonicall to judgment, I will tender my endeavor, to be ſuitable to thy Scholar-like expectation: for, if ſo be wiſdom do not manage, & temper all, the muſes, which are pure, chaſt, & unſpotted Virgins, will turn to mere Courteſans,*

If Judgment tread not on the heels of Wit,
And curb Invention with his golden bit,
'Twill ne'r look back unto his proper want,
But ſtill his ſteps will be exorbitant,

I dare not preſume, nor will I raſhly engage my credit to thee (courteous Cenſurer) to promiſe thee Amphoram, ne urceus excat, *a*

Mount-

Mountain, leſt it bring forth that ridiculous
iſſue in the Fable: to promiſe thee Ariſtæne-
tus *his* Lais, *whom he terms* ὅλον πρόσωπον,
all face, *for her ſuperemivent beauty, & pour-*
traicture, admirable ſymmetry of parts, moſt
decent and eye-pleaſing lineaments of her
whole body; leſt that I beget an Ethiopian,
or a Labulla, *who was termed* all noſe, *like*
Martial's Tongilian, *of whom he thus ſpeaketh*

Ἐκλύσασα μὲν ὅλη πρόσωπον φαίνεται.

Tongilianus habet naſum; ſcio, non nego:
ſed jam
Nil præter naſum *Tongilianus* habet.

Tongilian *ha's a goodly noſe, I wis,*
But nought beſides a noſe Tongilian *is.*

And no doubt, it will be liker the latter, then
the former: Venus *had her Mole,* Helena
her Stain, Cynthia *her Spots, the Swan her*
jeaty Feet, the cleareſt day ſome cloud: nay,
there is nothing, but if we once eye it over, ſo
abſolutely perfect, not the ſmootheſt Writer
of all, (at leaſt a Critick peruſing of him)
for ſome blemiſh and imperfection, merits not
either Ariſtarchus *his black pile, or* Momus
his ſponge. If in the faireſt things be ſuch de-
formity, how many more ſtains may then be
found

found in this off-spring of my Brain, which dare not ſcarcely make compare with the fouleſt? look for better and more generous wine of the old vine tree, for as Pliny *ſaith,* Vetuſtioribus ſemper vitibus vinum melius, novellis copioſius: *would I could either arrogate the former, or challenge the latter unto my ſelf. But howſoever I could not poſſibly pleaſ all; for as the Poet ſpeaks to one* Ledotus,

Qui poſſis rogo te placere cunctis,
Cum jam diſpliceas tibi vel uni?

'Tis ſure, that at leaſt I ſhould not pleaſe my ſelf. I might better fit a many humors, in ſifting out ſome more pleaſing Poetical ſubject, more correſpondent to their fancy and my faculty; as intreating merrily of ſome new diſcovered Iſle with Lucian; *to invent with him ſome ſuch hyperbolical lies as that of* Hercules *and* Bacchus, *whoſe foot ſteps were found to be the bigneſs of an acre of ground: To tell of Flies & Piſmires as big as* 12 *Elephants, to fraight ſome Pamphlet* de lapſu Vulcani, *who as* Homer *writes, was falling out of Heaven into the Iſle* Lemnos ὅλον δ' ἦμαρ, *a whole day; to make ſome merry Prognoſtication of ſtrange wonders that are to enſue, as them of*

Joachimus Fortius Ringelbergius, *capitulated in that Chapter whose title is,* —Ridicula quædam & jucunda. *Not to plunge my self in these grand Physical matters, I know these are appertinent to the Muses also* ——

Ovid in his *Nux*, the *Culex Maro* writ,
Erasmus did in Folly dye his Wit, (Mouse:
The Frog-fight *Homer* made, and of Dame
And *Janus Dousa* prais'd *Pediculus*.
Hubaldus on bald-men did versifie,
Each of whose numbers words began with *C*
Beza prais'd *Nihil*, *Apuleius* th' *Ass*. (was,
Plutarch Grillus, who by *Circe* changed
A quartan Ague *Favourine* did commend,
His darling Sparrow so *Catullus* pend.

In lib. de Antiquit. Cant & Oxon.
In Epigr.
Aul. Gel. 17. 12.
Ausonius,

To which the Poet.

Sunt etiam Musis sua ludicra, mista Catis (manis

Tragical Melpomene *her self will now and then put on the Comical start-up. Sage* Apollo *laughs once yearly at his own beardles naked face. The modest* Muses *have their maddest Revels, the darkesomst Water has his gliding streames: wise men will sometimes*

times play with Childrens Rattles.

But I have already employ'd some embezi-led hours taken from the treasury of the Muses *golden time; to the gilding over of the like rotten subjects, as they that have been intimate with me, are not ignorant, as in my* Tettigomurmomachia, *a century of Latine Epigrams, an* Echo, *and some other trifles, which I durst not let come abroad in the chill critical Air, lest haply they might have been frettish for want of learning's true clothing. Now have I chosen to mingle my delight with more utility, aiming not only at Wit, but Wisdom. I know the* Paracelsian *will utterly condemn my endeavour for bringing the Four Humors on the stage again, they having hist them off so long ago, and the rather, because I once treat not of their Three Minerals,* ——Sal, Sulphur, *and* Mercurius, *the* Tria omnia *of their Quick-silver Wits, which they say have chief dominion in the Body (it consisting of them) and are the Causes of each Disease, and Cure all again by their* Arcana *extracted out of them. But I weigh it not, seeing the tongue of an Adversary cannot detract from verity: If any the like Carpfish whatsoever chance to nibble at my Credit, he may perhaps swallow down the sharp hook*

of reproach and infamy ere he be aware; (*which he cannot like the* * Scolopendra *caſt up again at his pleaſure*) *I doubt not but to have him in a ſtring.*

* *Matth. in Dioſc Plin. 9. 45.*

Reader, *Thine Eyes are to take their turn in a Garden, wherein are growing many Weeds, yet ſome Flowers: paſs by the former with kind ſilence, Cull, Cut, and Gather the later for thine own Science: and perhaps thou mayeſt diſtil the ſweeteſt Water from the bitteреſt Wormwood, as* Maro *built his Walls by* Ennius *his rubbiſh. If thou thy ſelf haſt better,* ———

Candidus imperti, ſi non, his utere mecum.

Idem qui pridem. Thine if mine.

T. W.

The

The Titles and Contents of the ſeveral *Chapters*, as they are handled in this preſent Book.

Cap.

1 *OF Self-knowledge.*

2 *That the Soul ſympathizeth with the Body, and followeth her craſis and temper.*

3 *Whether the internal Faculty may be known by the external Phyſiognomy and Viſage.*

4 *That a Diet is to be obſerved of every one.*

5 *How many derogates from his excellency by Surfeit, and of his untimely Death.*

6 *Of Temperaments.*

7 *Of diverſity of Wits, according to the diverſe temperature of the Body.*

8 *Of the Spirits.*

The Table.

Cap.
9 *Of a Cholerick Complexion.*
10 *Of a Sanguine Temperature.*
11 *Of the Phlegmatick Humor.*
12 *Of a Melancholy Complexion.*
13 *Of the Conceits of Melancholy.*
14 *Of the Dreams which accompany each Complexion.*
15 *Of the exacteſt Temperature of all, whereof* Lemnius *ſpeaketh.*
The Cloſe to the whole Work, in Verſe.

CAP.

CAP. I.

Of Self-knowledge.

AS *Hesiod* in his *Theogonie* saith, That the ugly Night ——— τέκεδ' ὕπνον, ἔτικτε ἢ φῦλον ὀνείρων, begat two foul Monsters, *Somnum & Somnium*: So we may not unfitly say, That the inveloped and deformed night of Ignorance (for the want of that celestial *Nosce teipsum*) begets two mis-shapen Monsters (which as the *Sepia*'s inky Humour, do make turbulent the chrystallinest fountain in man) *Somatalgia* and *Psychalgia*, the one the discrasie of the Body, the other the malady and distemperature of the Soul. For he that is incanoped & intrenched in this darksome misty cloud of Ignorance, (being like the one-footed Indian people *Sciopodes*, whose foot is so big, that it shades them from *Munster cosm.*

the rayes of the Sun; or rather like the *Cyclops*, when *Ulyſſes* had bereft him of his one eye) he hath no true lamp of diſcretion, as a pole-ſtar to direct the ſhip of his life by, either in reſpect of his mortal or immortal part, from being hurried upon the ſhelves & maſſy rocks of infelicity. Of what high eſteem & priceleſs value this rare ſelf-knowledge is, and ever was, it is very conſpicuous & apparent unto the dimmeſt apprehenſion of all, if it do but juſtly ballance in the ſcale of common reaſon, Wiſdom, who hath ever affectionately embraced it, and to whom it is ſtill indeared, the heavenly ſource or Spring-head from whence it was derived, as alſo the happy effects it alway hath ingendred.

Ælian. Divine *Pythagoras*, whom worthily the Floud *Neſſus* ſaluted and called by his name, as one admired of it for his floud of Eloquence, and torrent of Wiſdom; his Mind being the inriched Exchequer and Treaſury of rareſt Qualities; not only had this golden Poeſie ever on his tongues end, as the daintieſt Delicy he could preſent unto a liſtning eare; but alſo had it emblem'd forth by *Minerva*, giving breath unto the ſilver flute, (by which is intimated *Philautia*) which becauſe with blaſting it ſwell her cheeks, ſhe caſt

caſt away from her. Yea, he had his celeſtial ſentence, γνῶθι σεαυτόν, which deſcended from the Heavens, engraven on the frontiſpeece of his Heart, evermore in an applicative practiſe, eſpecially for himſelf: which he termed, *The wiſe Phyſitian's medicinary Preſcript, for the double Health and welfare of man.*

E cælo deſcendit, γνῶθι σεαυτόν. Iuven. Menand. in Thraſyl.

Yet ſententious *Menander*, that rich vein'd Poet, ſeems at leaſt to contradict this Heavenly ſawe: for pondring with himſelf the depraved demeanor of worthy men, the trothleſs inconſtancy and perfidiouſneſs of our hair-brain'd *Jaſon's*: the inveigling and adamantizing ſociety of ſome, who being polluted and infected with the rank Leproſie of ill, would intangle others: The vaporous and *Vatinian* deadly hate, which is uſually maſqued and lies lurking under the ſpecious and fair habit of entire Amity: weighing with himſelf many things faſhioned out of the ſame mould, he thus ſpoke, ὁ καλῶς εἰρημένον τὸ γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, ἀλλὰ γνῶθι τοὺς ἄλλους: Me thinks, ſaith he, that is not ſo well ſpoken, *Know thy ſelf*, as this, *Know others.*

Howſoever he meant, we muſt not imagine that he did it to impeach any wiſe, this ſage

ſage and grave ſentence which (as that alſo of his) is an Oracle in its proper object, and highly concerns the good both of the Active and Paſſive part of man. Though *Socrates* in *Plato* would have it only to be referred unto the Soul, to have no relation at all unto the Body, though falſly. For if the Soul, by reaſon of ſympathizing with the Body, is either made an ὠκύπους Ἀχιλεὺς, or a βραδύπους Οἰδίπους, either a nimble ſwift-footed *Achilles*, or a limping ſlow-paced *Oedipus*, as hereafter we intend to declare; good reaſon the Body (as the edifice and hand-maid of the Soul) ſhould be known as a part of *Teipſum*, for the good of the Soul. Therefore *Julian* the Apoſtata, who had a floud of Invention, although that whole floud could not waſh or rinſe away that one ſpot of his Atheiſme, he (though not knowing him aright) could ſay the Body was the chariot of the Soul, which while it was well mannag'd by Diſcretion, the cunning coachman, the drawing Steeds, that in our head-ſtrong and untamed Appetites, being check'd in by the golden bit of Temperance, ſo long the Soul ſhould not be toſſed in craggy Wayes, by unequal and tottering Motion, much leſs be in danger to be hurled down the ſteepy Hills

Plato *in Alcibiade.*

Hills of Perdition. If we do but try the words at the Lydian or Touch-stone of true Wisdom, which dijudicates not according to external semblances, but internal existences, they will sure go for current, whether you respect the Soul as principal, or the Body as secondary. For the first, we may single out that Speech of *Agapus*: *But we, O men* (saith he) *let us so disciple our selves, that each one may throughly know himself; for he that perfectly knows himself, knows God; and he that knows him, shall be made like unto him; and he that is this, shall be made worthy of him: Moreover, he that is made worthy of him, shall do nothing unworthy of God,* Ἀλλὰ φρονῶν τὰ μὲν αὐτοῦ, λαλῶν δὲ ἃ φρονεῖ πιῶν δὲ ἃ λαλεῖ, *but shall meditate upon things pleasant unto him, speaking what he meditateth, and practising what he speaketh.* For the last, that only of *Tully*, *valetudo sustentatur noticia sui corp. &c.* the perfect and sound estate of the Body (as we may constantly aver of the Soul) is maintained by the knowledge of a man's own Body, and that chiefly by the due observation of such things as may either be obnoxious, or an adjument to Nature, may be either the Cordial and pretious Balsam thereof,

Climax Agapeti ad justitianum Imperat. atque sic Clemens Alexand. Pad. lib. 3. cap. 1.

Cic Offic. 2.

of, or elſe its baleful and deadly Aconitum. For he that, in the infancy of his knowledge, thinks that *Hyoſciamus* and *Cicuta*, Hemlock and Henbane are fit Aliament for his Body, becauſe they be nutriment to Birds, may haply at length Cure the Dog-ſtar of his own indiſcretion, for inflaming his leſs diſtempered Brain with his unhappy diſaſtrous influence. For it is vulgarly ſaid, that *Hyoſciamus & Cicuta homines perimunt, Avibus alimentum præbent*; they two are poyſon to men, though fouſon to Birds: as *Scaliger* relates alſo.

Scal. exerc. 141.

I grant that the moſt direct aim of Wiſedom in this *Noſce teipſum*, looks chiefly on the Mind, as the faireſt mark; yet often eyes and aims at this other neceſſary Object, which cunningly to hit, is counted equal skil, though the one far ſurmount the other, eſpecial care is to be had as well of the Chriſtal Glaſs, to ſave it from cracking, as of the *Aqua cœleſtis* infus'd from putrifying.

But primarily it concerns the Soul, as for them who are tainted with the *Protoplaſti* ſelf-love and love of glory, who being lifted up with the hand of Fortune, to the top of Natures preheminence, as petty gods do direct their imaginations far beyond the level

of

of Humility, being swoln with tympanizing pride too much; admiring themselves with *Narcissus*, who was inamored with his own beauty, of whom the Poet thus speaks,-

Dumq; sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit. Ovid.

Whiles at the Fountain he his Thirst 'gan slake,
An Ocean of Self-love did him ore-take.

Proud *Arachne*, who will needs contend with more cunning *Minerva* for spinning, like *Marsyas* and *Thamiras*, who strove the one with *Apollo* for Musicks skill, the other with the *Muses* for melodious Singing. Too common a use among all Self-forgetters; for as *Julian* saith, *Each man is wont to admire his own actions, but to abate the value, and derogate from the esteem of others.* For those again who, with *Glaucus*, prefer χάλκεα χρυσείων, the regard of the Body, before the welfare of the super-elementary Soul, which chiefly should be in request: for as the *Stoick* saith, "It is a sign of an abject "Mind to beat our brains about necessaries "for our vile corps, a special care should ra-

Epist. ca. 63.

"ther

" ther be had over the Soul, as Miſtris ove
" her Hand-maid, theſe want that γνῶθι σε
" αυτὸν.

Now for the Body, it as well levels at it: for thoſe who diſtemper and miſdiet themſelves with untimely and unwonted ſurfetting, who make their Bodies the noyſome Sepulchers of their Souls, not conſidering the ſtate of their enfeebled Body, what will be accordant to it, nor weighing their Complexion, contrary perchance far to the Diſh they feed upon: nor fore-ſeeing by true knowledge of themſelves, what will endammage and impair their Healths, infect the Conduit-pipes of their limpid Spirits, what will dull and ſtupifie their quicker Intelligence, nay, diſable all the Faculties both of Soul and Body, as inſtance might be given of many, to them that have had but a meer glimpſe into the Hiſtories, and antient Records of many Diſh-mongers, who running into exceſs of Riot, have like fatal *Parcæ*, cut in two the lines of their own Lives, as *Philoxenus* the *Dythirambick* Poet (of whom *Athenæus* ſpeaks, *Deipnoſ.* 8.) who devoured at *Syracuſa* a whole *Polypus* of two cubits long (ſave only the head of the Fiſh) at one meale, whom (being deadly ſick

Machon. po, Deip. Athen 8.

of

of the Crudity) the Phyſician told that he could not poſſibly live above 7 hours: whoſe wolviſh Appetite notwithſtanding would not ſtint it ſelf even in that extremity, but he uttered theſe words, (the more to intimate his vulture-like and inſatiate paunch) "Since that *Charon* and *Atropos* are com'd "to call me away from my delicies, I think "it beſt to leave nothing behind me, where- "fore let me eat the reſidue of the *Polypus:* who having eaten it, expir'd. Who had the name of ὀψφάγος by *Chryſippus*, as *Athenæus* records: and of others he was called φιλέχθυς, and φιλόδειπνος of *Ariſtotle*. And what of others? who although they did not ſo ſpeedily, by ignorance of their eſtate, curtail their own days by untimely Death, yet notwithſtanding they have liv'd as dead unto the World, and their Souls dead u nto themſelves. *Dionyſius Heracleota*, that ravenous gourmandizing *Harpy*, and inſatiable drain of all pleaſant Liquors, was grown ſo purſie, that his fatneſs would not ſuffer him to fetch his breath, being in continual fear to be ſtifled: although others affirm, That he eaſily could with the ſtrong blaſt of his breath have turned about the ſayls of a Wind-Mill: whoſe Soul by his

ſelf-

ſelf-ignorance, not knowing what repaſt was moſt convenient for his Body, was pent up, and as it were fettered in theſe his corps, as in her dungeon. So *Alexander*, King of *Egypt*, was ſo groſs and fat, that he was fain to be upheld by two men. And a many more by their πολυφαγία & πολυποσία, by exceſſive eating and drinking, more upon meer ignorance, then rebellion againſt Nature, phyſical diet, and diſcretion; did make their Souls like the fatned Sheep, whereof *Johannes Leo* relates, which he ſaw in *Egypt*, ſome of whoſe tails weighed eighty pounds, and ſome an hundred and fifty pounds, by which weight their Bodies were immoveable, unleſs their tails, like trains, were carried in Wheel-barrows. Or like the fatted Hogs, *Scaliger* mentions, that could not move for fat, and were ſo ſenſleſs, that Mice made Neſts in their buttocks, they not once feeling them.

Athen.

Scal. ex. 199.

But thoſe which I whilome named, and millions beſides, never come to the full period of their days, dying ſoon, becauſe as *Seneca* ſaith, They know not that they live by deaths, and are ignorant what receit of Food into the Body (whoſe Conſtitution they are as ignorant of alſo) will bring en-

Sen. in cont.

dammage-

dammagement both to it, & to the heavenly-infuſed ſoul.

For the body, that Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν is requiſite; that as the meager one is to be fed with ſpare Diet, ſo the maſſier and more gigantly body muſt be maintained with more large and laviſh Diet. For it is not conſonant to reaſon, that *Alexander Macedo*, and *Auguſtus Caſar*, who were but little men, as *Petrarch* ſaith, and ſo low-ſtatur'd *Vlyſſes*, ſhould have equal Diet in quantity with *Milo*, *Hercules*, *Ajax*, and ſuch as *Athenæus* makes mention of, as *Aſtydamas*, and *Herodorus*, the firſt of them being ſo capacious ſtomached, that he eat as much alone, as was prepared for nine men: and the later *Herodorus*, a ſtrong-ſided Trumpeter, who was three ells and an half long, and could blow in two Trumpets at once, of whom *Athenæus* ſpeaks. Theſe might well farce, and cram their maws with far more aliment, becauſe their ventricles, cels, veins, and other organs of their bodies were far more ample and ſpatious.

Ex Petrar.

Athenæus lib. 20. Δειπνοσοφ.

And again, it is ſovereign in this regard, becauſe in the full ſtream, of appetites or bravery, many will take, upon ignorance, rather the ſumptuous diſh prepared for *Vitellius* by

Sueton.

his brother, which one dish amounted to above seven thousand, eight hundred and twelve pounds, perchance a rank poyson to their natures; then *Estur*, and *Sonchus* (two savoury & wholsome herbs, which poor *Hecale* set on the Table as a Sallet before hungry *Theseus*, the best dish of meat she could present unto him) a great deal peradventure more conducible unto their healths. But they are as ignorant what they take, as *Cambles* was, who being given to *Gastrimargism*, as *Athenæus* relates in the fore-mentioned book, in the night did eat up his own wife, and in the morning, finding her hands in his devouring jaws, slew himself, the fact being so heinous, and noteworthy: as also they are pilgrims, and strangers in the knowledge of their bodily estate, which ever or often is an occasion of over-cloying their ventricles with such meats, as are an utter ruine and downfal to their healths, as ill, or worse, then *Toxicum*: for although they do not eftsoons enforce the fatal end, yet in a short progress of time they are as sure Pullies to draw on their unexpected destinies.

Plin lib. 22. *nat. hist* c. 22.

Without this knowledge of our bodily nature we are like to crasie Barks, yet bal-

last

laſt with prizeleſs Merchandiſe, which are toſſed to and fro upon the main of Ignorance ſo long, till at length we be ſhattered againſt the huge rock of Intemperance, and ſo loſe our richeſt fraught, which is our ſoul. This ought ever to controul, and curb in our unruly Appetites: it ought to be like the Poet's *Antomedon*, to rein our fond deſires in, which reign in us: for, as, *Seneca* ſaith, *ſunt quædam nocitura impetrantibus, &c.* ſowe may ſay, *Sunt quædam nocitura appetentibus*, as there be many things which are obnoxious to the *asker*, if it chance he obtain them, ſo are there many nutriments as dangerous to him, that babiſhly *covets* them: for, if he ſquare not his Diet according to the temper of his body, in choice of ſuch fare, as may baniſh and expel contagion and violencie from nature, or be a ſpecial preſervative in her ſpotleſs and untainted perfection; meats are ſo far from holding on the race of his life, as that they will rather haſten it down far ſooner unto the hemiſphere of death, then he expected. A Cholerick man therefore (by this γνῶθι σεαυτὸν) knowing himſelf to be overpoiz'd with its predominancie, nay, but even foreſeeing his corporal nature to have

Seneca lib. 2. De beneficiis cap. 12.

a propenſion or inclination to this humor, he muſt wiſely defeat, and wean his Appetite off all ſuch dainty Morſels, (though the moſt delicious, and toothſom) and delude his longing thirſt of all ſuch honey-flowing Meats, and hot Wines, as are Poyſon to his Diſtemperature, and which in tract of time will aggravate his Humour ſo much, till it generate and breed either an Hectick Fever, mortal Conſumption, yellow Iaundice, or any the like Diſeaſe incident to this Complexion; & ſo concerning all the reſt. For a bare *Noſce* is not ſufficiently Competent for the avoiding of death, and to maintain an happy *Craſis*, but the living anſwerably according to knowledg: for we ſee many exquiſite Phyſicians, and learned men of ſpecial note (whoſe Exhibitories to themſelves do not parallel their Preſcripts and advice to others, who are good Phyſicians, but no pliable Patients:) to make a diligent ſearch and ſcrutiny into their own natures, yet not fitting them with correſpondency of diet; like *Lucian's* Apothecary, who gave Phyſick unto others for Coughing, and yet he himſelf did never leave Coughing. *Cunctis qui cavit, non cavet ille ſibi.*

While he cured others he neglected him-

himself. We may rightly say, τρυφὴ is their τροφὴ, and πάμματα their πήματα.

Crapula sit esca, delicia eorum damna: that is, Their Diet is Luxury, & each Delicacy made their Malady. And yet none do more inveigh against surfeit, & misdiet, then they, but they are like the *Musipula*, of whom it is said in the *Hieroglyphicks*, that she used to bring forth her issue out of her mouth, and swimming with them about her when she is hungry, she swallows them up again: so they in external shew spit out the name of surfeit, banishing it far from them, but by their accustomable deadly luxury again they imbrace it, and hug it in their arms so long, till some encroaching disease, or other, having had long dominion and residence in them, be past cure of Physick. For we know

Orus Apollo in Hieroglyphyc.

Non est in Medico semper relevetur ut æger,
Interdum doctâ plus valet arte malum.

"No earthly Art can cure deep-rooted ill,
"Not Æsculapius with his Heavenly skill.

So then the most exact self-knower of all, if he do not contain himself within

the territories, and precincts of reasonable Appetite, the *Cynosura* of the wiser Dietist, if consorting with misdieters he bath himself in the muddy streams of their luxury, and riot, he is in the very next suburbs of death it self: yet for all this, I confess, that the silver breast of *Nilus* is not vitiated, and polluted by others kennel-muddy thoughts, and turbulent actions, or affections, no more then the river *Alpheus*, that runs through the Salt-sea, is taintedwith the brackish quality of the sea, no more then the *Salamander* is scorch'd, though dayly conversing in the fire; or chast *Zenocrates* lying with *Lais* is defiled, since he may well do it without impeachment to his chastity: so may the heroical and generous Spirits converse with unstaid appetites, and yet not have the least taint of their excess, but by their diviner *Nosce teipsum* may be their own Guardians, both for their celestial and also earthly part. Yet we know *Aliquid mali propter vicinum malum*, the taint of ill comes by consortingwith ill, & the best natures, and wisest self-knowers of all may be ticed on, or constrained to captivate, and inthral their freedom of happy spirit, and to rebel against their own knowledg.

I wiſh therefore in concluſion the meaneſt, if poſſible, to have an inſight into their bodily eſtate (as chiefly they ought of the ſoul, whereby they may ſhun ſuch things, as any waies may be offenſive to the good of that eſtate, and may ſo conſequently (being vexed with none, no not the leaſt maladie) be more fit not onely to live, but to live well. For as the Poet ſaid of death, ——τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν γε κερδος, ἀλλ' ἀσχέως θανεῖν, to die is not ill, but to die ill: ſo contrariwiſe of life we may ſay, It is no ſuch excellent thing to live, as well to live; which no doubt may eaſily be effected, if they do abridg themſelves of all vain alluring luſts, and tether their appetites within the narrow-round plot of Diet, leſt they run at random, and break into the ſpatious fields of deadly Luxury.

CAP. II.

That the Soul ſympathizeth with the Body, and followeth her Craſis, and Temperature.

INſicitur terræ ſordibus unda fluens, ſaith the Poet: If a water-current have any vicinity with a putrified and infected Soyl, it is tainted with its corrupt Quality. The heavenly Soul of man, as the Artiſts uſually averr, ſemblablewiſe, doth feel, as it were, by a certain deficiency the ill-affected craſis of the Body; ſo that, if this be annoyed, or infected with any feculent Humors, it fares not well with the Soul: the Soul her ſelf, as Maladious, feels ſome want of her excellency, and yet impatible in regard of her ſubſtance, through the bad Diſpoſition of the Organs, the Malignancy of Receits, the unrefinedneſs of the Spirits do ſeem to affect the Soul: for the ſecond, which cauſeth the third, mark what *Horace* ſpeaketh.

Horat. ---quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitijs animum quoque prægravat unà,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

The

The Maw, ſurcharg'd with former crudities,
Weighs down our Spirit's nimble Faculties;
Our ladened Soul, as plunged in the Mire,
Lies nigh extinct, though part of Havens fire.

To this effect is that ſpeech of *Democritus*, who ſaith, that the Bodily Habit being out of temper, the Mind hath no lively willingneſs to the Contemplation of Virtue: that being enfeebled, & overſhadowed, the light of the Soul is altogether darkened; Heavenly wiſdome as it were Sympathizing with this earthy Maſs: as in any ſurfeit of the beſt and choiſeſt Delicates, and alſo of Wines, is eaſily apparent. *Vinum* of its own nature is (if we may ſo term it) *Divinum*, becauſe it recreates the tired Spirits, makes the mind far more nimble, and actual, and aſpiring to an higher ſtrain of wit; τὰς μὲν φιλοφροσύνας, ὥσπερ ἔλαιον φλόγα, ἐγείρει, ſaith *Xenophon*; It ſtirs up Mirth, and Chearfulneſs, as Oil makes the blaſing flame, yet by accident, the unmanag'd Appetite deſiring more then reaſon, it doth dull the quicker Spirits, ſtop the pores of the Brain with too many Vapours, and groſs Fumes, makes the Head Totty, Lullabees the Senſes, yea, Intoxicates the very Soul with a pleaſing Poyſon: as the

Democr. De Natura bum. ad finem Hippocratis.

Xenophon In his *Convivium*, which so *Athenæus* records in his 11 book *Deipnos.* out of *Xenophon.*

the same *Xenophon* saies, It happens unto men, as to tender plants, & lately engrafted Imps, which have their growth from the earth ὅταν μὲν ὁ θεὸς αὐτὰ ἄγαν ἀθρόως ποτίζῃ, &c. when God doth water and drench them with an immoderate shower, they neither shoot out right, nor hardly have any blown Blossomes; but when the earth doth drink so much, as is competent for their increase, then they spring upright, and flourishing do yield their fruit in their accustomed time: so fareth it with the Bodies, and by sequele with the Souls of men, if we pour in with the undiscrete hand of Appetite, they will both reel to and fro, and scarce can we breathe, at least, we cannot utter the least thing, that rellisheth of wisdome; our minds must needs follow the tempers, or rather the distemperatures, of our earthly bodies.

Plato, in whose mouth the Bees, as in their Hives, did make their Honey-combs, as foreintimating his sweet-flowing Eloquence, he weighing with himself that thraldom the soul was in being in the body, and how it was affected, and (as it were) infected with the contagion thereof, in his *Phædrus*, as I remember, disputing of the *Ideas* of the mind

mind, said, that our Bodies were the prisons and Bride-wels of our Souls, wherein they lay as manacled and fettered in Gives. Yea further he could avouch in his *Cratylus*, and also in his *Gorgias*, *Socrates* having brought forth a speech to *Callides*, out of *Euripides*, Ζῆν ἐστι καταθανεῖν, τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν δ' ἐς ζῆν. To live is to die, and to die is to live: he saith there, that our Body is the very Grave of the Soul, Καὶ τὸ μὲν σῶμα (saith he) ἐστὶν ἡμῶν σῆμα. And sure it is, whiles that this mind of ours hath his abode in this darksom dungeon, this vile mansion of our body, it can never act his part well, till it step upon the heavenly stage. It will be like *Io* in *Ovid*, who, being turned into a Hetsfier, when she could not express her minde to *Inachus* her father in words,

So Iulian *in an Epistle to* Eugenius *hath such a Saying,* Σώματος δέσμιος, &c. *Gorgias.*

Ovid. Metamorph. 1.

Littera pro verbis, quam pes in pulvere duxit,
Corporis indicium mutati triste peregit.

"Her foot did speak, as on the sand she ranged,
"How she, poor soul, was from herself estranged.

Our soul in the body, though it be not so blind as a Bat, yet is it like an Owl, or Bat before the rays of *Phœbus*, all dimmed, and dazled: it sees as through a lattice-window

window. Being freed from this priſon, and once having flitted from this ruinous Tenement, this mud-walled Cottage, it is a *Lynceus*: within a *Mole-warp*, without it is an all-ey'd *Argus*: within an one-ey'd *Cyclops*, without a beautiful *Nireus*: within an *Æthiopian Therſites*, without an high-ſoaring *Eagle*: within an heavy *Struthio-camelus*, an *Oſtrich*, who hath wings, as he in the *Hieroglyphicks* witneſſeth, *non propter volatum, ſed curſum*; not for flying, but to help her running: yea, as ſparkles hid in embers do not caſt forth their radiant light; and the Sun, enveloped in a thick miſty cloud, doth not illuminate the center with his golden Treſſes: ſo this celeſtial fire, our Soul, whiles it remains in the lap of our earthly *Prometheus*, this Maſs of ours, it muſt needs be curtained, and over-ſhadowed with a Palpable darkneſs, which doth over-caſt a ſable night over our Underſtanding, eſpecially when in the Body there is a Current of infectious Humors, which do flow over the Veins, and ingroſs the limpid Spirits in their Arteries, the Mind muſt needs be (as it were) overflown with a *Deucalion's* flood, and be quickened as a ſilly toyling *Leander* in the *Helleſpont.*

Helleſpont. What made the mind of *Oreſtes* ſo out of temper, that he killed his own Mother, but the bodily *Craſis*? What made *Heracleitus* die of a Dropſie, having rowled himſelf in Beaſt's ordure? What made *Socrates*, having drunk the *Cicuta* at *Athens*, to give his *Ultimum vale* to the world, but that? What cauſ'd that redoubted famous Captain *Themiſtocles*, having drunk Bull's blood, to take (as we ſee) his long journey to the *Elyſian fields*? and many others to have came unto their long home (as may be ſeen in the antient Regiſters of time) and many to have been Diſtracted, and Frantick? the diſtemperature, no doubt, and the evil Habit of the Body; wherewith the Soul hath Copulation. *Plotin*, the great *Platoniſt*, bluſhed often, that his Soul did harbour in ſo baſe an Inn, as his Body was, ſo *Porphyry* affirms in his life: becauſe (as he ſaid in another place) his Soul muſt needs be affected with the Contagious Qualities incident unto his Body. The cunning'ſt Swimmer that ever was, *Delius* himſelf, could not ſhew his Art, nor his equal ſtroke in the Mud: a Candle in the Lantern can yield but a glimmering light through an impure and darkſom Horn:

the

the war-like *Steed* cannot fetch his frisks, take his carriers, and ſhew his Curvets, being pent up in a narrow room: ſo it is with the princely Soul, while the Body is her manſion, ſaid he; but this belongs to another *Theſis*, and ſome thing before, concerning the ſoul's excellency, having taken her flight from this darkſom cage; more near unto the ſcope, at which we muſt aim. Hear what the Poet ſaith in his fifteenth of the *Metamorphoſis*.

Quòlque magi mirum, ſunt, qui non corpora tantùm,
Verùm animos etiam valeant mutare liquores:
Cui quidſo ignota eſt obſcænæ Salmacis unda,
Æthiopés que lacus? quos ſi quis faucibus hauſit,
Aut furit, aut patitur mirum gravitate ſoporem.

Salmacis where the Nymph & Hermaphroditus were bound together.

" It is a wonderment, that Waters can
" Transform the members and the mind of man:
" Who kenneth not the unclean *Salmacian* Well,
" The Fen, where ſun-burnt *Mauritanians* dwell?
" Which cauſe a frenſie, being gulped down,
" Or ſtrike the ſenſes with a ſleeping ſwoon.

We muſt not imagine the Mind to be paſſible, being altogether immaterial, that it ſelf is affected with any of theſe corporal things, but onely in reſpect of the Inſtruments, which are the hand-maids

of

of the Soul: as, if the Spirits be inflamed, the paſſages of the humors dammed up, the brain ſtuffed with ſmoakie fumes, or any Phlegmatick matter, the blood too hot, and too thick, as is uſual in the *Scythians*, and thoſe in the Septentrional parts, who are of all men endowed with the leaſt portion of wit, and policie: and becauſe theſe kinde of people do, as it were, croſs the high-way of my invention, I will treat a little of them, neither beſide that, which we have in hand: becauſe it will confirm the fore-written words of *Xenophon* concerning wine. Whom do we ever read of more to quaff, and carouſe, more to uſe ſtrong drink, then the *Scythians*, and who more blockiſh, and devoid of wit, and reaſon? Nay, there was never any learned man; but onely *Ancharſis*, who was inbred there; which want no doubt is cauſed by their great intemperance. For all Writers well-nigh agree in this, that they will, as the Poet ſaith, *ad diurnam ſtellam*, or *ſtrennè pro Ilio potare*: drink till their eyes ſtare like two blazing ſtars as we ſay in our Proverb. *Athenæus*, that ſingular Scholar of ſo manifold reading, after he had rehearſed *Herod* his Hiſtory of *Cleome-*

Athenæus in the tenth book of his *Deipnoſ.* pag. 427.

nes,

nes ſaith, Καὶ ἀυτὶ δ' οἱ Λάκωνες, &c. The *Lacedemonians*, when they would drink in the cups extraordinary, they did uſe this word, Ἐπισκύθισον, to imitate the *Scythians*, which alſo he notes out of *Chameleon Heracleotes* in his book Περὶ μέθης. When alſo they ſhould have ſaid to the *Pincerna* Ἔπιχυσον *Poure* in, they uſed the word Ἐπισκύθισον.

Howſoever we read of ſome particulars, it is manifeſt, if we peruſe the Hiſtories, that the moſt of them are the greateſt Bouzers, and Buſſards in the world: they had rather drink out their Eyes, then that the Worms ſhould eat them out after their Death, as Sir *Thomas More* jeſts upon *Fuſcus* in his *Epigrams*: & of all men they have moſt leaden conceits, and droſſie Wits, cauſed eſpecially by their exceſſive intemperance, which thickeneth their blood, and corrupteth their Spirits, and other Organs, wherein the Soul ſhould chiefly ſhew her Operation. Give me leave to ſpeak a little of the Air: how it, received into the Body, doth either greatly advantage, or little avail the mind. It is certain, that the excellency of the Soul follows the purity of the Heavens, the temperature of the Air: therefore, becauſe *Bœotia* had

Fuſcus ſpeaks thus, Perdere dulcius eſt potando, quàm ut mea ſervem Erodenda pigris lumina vermiculis.

had a very * fenniſh ſoyl, a groſs and unrefined Air; the ancient Writers, to decipher, and ſhadow out a dull Wit in any one, were wont to ſay, *Bœoticum hic habet ingenium*, this man is as wiſe as a Woodcock, his Wit's in a Conſumption, his Conceit is as lank as a ſhotten Herring. I do not concord with the Poet in that trivial Verſe, but I do carry the *Comma* a little further, and ſay,

And yet it may be gathered by the much eating.

"Ανδρες ἄεισοι ἐδίεν. *Athen. l. x.*

Cœlum non, animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

At leaſt, if I muſt needs take *Cœlum* for *Air*, I will ſay,

The Air to vary is not only found,
But Wit's a foreiner in a forein ground.

The Air hath his Etymologie from the Greek word ἄω *to breath*; it conſiſts of ἄλφα and ὦμέγα, becauſe the Learned ſay, that it is the beginning and ending of man's Life. For, when we begin to live, we are ſaid *to inſpire*; when we die, *to exſpire*: as the privation of the Air deprives us of our Being, and the Air, being purged, and cleanſed from his peſtilent qualities, cauſeth

our well-being; ſo the Infection of the Air, as in the extinguiſhing of ſome blazing Comet, the eructation of noyſom Vapours from the boſom of the Earth, the diſaſtrous conſtellation, or bad aſpect of ſome malevolent Planet, the damping fumes, that the Sun elevates from bogs, and fenniſh grounds, the inflammation of the Air by the intenſe heat of the Sun, (as when in *Homer*'s *Iliads* *Phœbus* is feigned to ſend forth his direful Arrows among the *Grecians*, and to bring in the Peſtilence upon them) this infection cauſeth our Bodies firſt to be badly qualified, and tainted with a ſpice of Corruption, and ſo by Conſequent our very Souls to be ill-affected. *Æneas Sylvius* in his *Coſmography*, writing of the *leſſer Aſia*, records a ſtrange thing concerning the Air being putrified; He ſayes, that hard by the City *Hierapolis* there is a place termed Os PLUTONIUM, in the valley of a certain Mountain, where *Strabo* witneſſeth, that he ſent Sparrows in, which forth-with, as ſoon as they drew in the venomous noyſome Air, they fell down Dead. No doubt, but the corrupted Air would have had his operation upon other more excellent Creatures then were thoſe little Birds, if they durſt

Æneas Sylv. cap. 92 de Aſia minore.

durſt have attempted the entrance in. But to a Queſtion; What Reaſon can be alleag'd, that thoſe, who dwell under the Pole, near the frozen Zone, and in the Septentrional Climate, ſhould have ſuch Giantly Bodies, and yet dwarfiſh Wits, as many Authors do report of them? And we ſee, by experience in Travail, the rudeneſs, and ſimplicity of the People, that are ſeated far North, which (no doubt) is intimated by a vulgar Speech, when we ſay ſuch a man hath *a borel wit*, as if we ſaid *Boreale ingenium:* whereof that old Engliſh Prophet of famous memory (whom one fondly term'd *Albion's Ballad-maker*, the Cunny-catcher of time, and the ſecond Diſh for Fools to feed their Splenes upon) *G. Chaucer* took notice, when, in his *Prologue* to the *Franklin's* Tale, he ſayes;

But Sirs, becauſe I am a Borel man, Borel.
At my beginning firſt I you beſeech,
Have me excus'd of my rude ſpeech.

The Philoſophers to this Queſtion have excogitated this Reaſon: to wit, The exceeding chilneſs of the Air, which doth poſſeſs the Animal Spirits, (the chief attendents

dents of the Soul to execute the function of the Agent Understanding) with contrary Qualities, the first being Cold and Dry, the last Hot and Moist; though this Reason most avail for our purpose, speaking how the Mind can be affected with the Air; yet I must needs say, I think they are beside the Cushion. Others affirm, and with more reason, that they are dull-witted, especially by the vehement Heat, which is included in their Bodies, which doth inflame their Spirits, thicken their Blood, and thereby is a cause of a new gross, more then airy substance, conjoyned with the Spirits. For extreme Heat doth generate a gross, adust Choler, which comes to be mixed with the Blood in the veins, and that brings a condensation, and a coagulation to the Blood. For their extraordinary Heat, it is apparent by their speedy Concoction, and by the external frigidity of the Air, that dams up the Pores of the Bodies so greatly, that hardly any heat can evaporate. This also, by deep Wells, which in Winter-time be luke-warm, and in Summer-season exceeding cold. Now to prove, that where the Blood is thickened, and the Spirits inflamed, there usually is a want of Wit; the great

Peripatetian

Peripatetian himſelf affirmeth it to be a Truth, where he ſaith, That Bulls, and ſuch Creatures, as have this Humor thick, are commonly devoid of Wit, yet have great Strength; and ſuch Living things, as have attenuated blood, and very fluid, do excel in Wit, and Policy: as inſtance is given in *Ariſtotle* of Bees. We muſt note here, That this is ſpoken of the remoter parts near unto the Pole, leſt we derogate any thing from the praiſe of this our happy *Iland* (another bliſsful *Eden* for pleaſure;) all which, by a true diviſion of the Climes, is ſituated in the Septentrional part of the World, wherein there are, and ever have been as pregnant Wits, as ſurpaſſing Politicians, as judicious Underſtandings, as any Clime ever yet afforded under the Cope of Heaven.

But I do here paſs the limits of *Laconiſm*, whereas I ſhould in wiſdom imitate the *Ægyptian* Dogs in this whole Tractate, who do drink at the River *Nilus*, καρπαλίμως, καὶ κλοπίμως, in haſte, and by ſtealth, leſt the Crocodile ſhould prey on them, and who doth fitly carry the name, and conditions of the Crocodile, no Writer is ignorant of, I will end therefore with the

iteration of the *Theſis*, that The Soul follows the temper of the Body, and that, whileſt it is inherent in the Body, it can never partake ſo pure a light of Underſtanding, as when it is ſegregated, and made a free Denizen in the Heavenly City, and Free-hold of the Saints.

Corporis in gremio dum ſpiritus, &c.

When our impriſon'd Soul once more being free,
'Gins ſcale the Turret of Eternitie,
Frõ whence it once was brought & captive ta'n
By this uſurping tyrant Corps, her bane,
Which ſubjugates her unto ſottiſh Will,
And ſchools her under Paſſion's want of skill:
Then ſhall our ſoul now choak'd with fẽny cares
With Angels frollick in a purer air:
This low NADIR of darkneſs muſt it ſhend,
Till it aloft to th' radiant ZENITH wend.

CAP

CAP. III.

Whether the Internal Faculty may be known by the External Phyſiognomie.

Socrates, that was termed the *Athenian Eagle*, becauſe he could look ſtedfaſtly upon the Sun, or the rather for his quick inſight of Underſtanding, when a certain Youth, being highly commended unto him for his rare Parts, and admirable Endowments, (though he had the piercing Eyes of *Lynceus*, and could have more then conjectured his Qualities,) was preſented unto him, he did not look unto his outward Feature, and external Hew, ſo demurring to have rendred his Approbation of him, but he accoſted him with theſe words, *Loquere puer, ut te videam*; Let's hear thee reaſon, youth, that I may ſee what's in thee: (to which *Lipſius* alluded in a certain *Epiſtle* of his, *Videre & non eloqui, nec videre eſt*: to ſee one, and not confer with him, is not to ſee.) *Socrates* inſinuated thus much unto us, that a man may be a *Nireus* in outward ſemblance, and yet a *Therſites* in his inward

eſſence, like the Emperors Table, whoſe curtain was drawn-over with Lions, and Eagles, but on the Table were pourtrayed Apes, Owls, and Wrens: or, like the golden Box, that kept *Nero*'s beard, perchance the eye of his Underſtanding was dazeled, as when *Euripides* gave him *Heraclitus* his Works, called Σχότεινα, demanding of him his Cenſure, who anſwer'd, "That which I conceive "is rare; and ſo I think of that which I do "not conceive: having that deep in-ſight, and ſingular Wiſdom, which *Apollo*'s Oracle did manifeſt to be in him, he might eath have perceiv'd the former, and conceiv'd the latter. But was not cunning *Zepyrus* his Judgment alſo tainted concerning *Socrates* himſelf? Who, ſeeing his deformed Countenance, called him an Idiot, and a Diſſard, and an effeminate perſon, and was laugh'd to ſcorn of them that ſtood by for his pains: but *Socrates* ſaid, Laugh not, *Zopyrus* is not in a wrong Box; for ſuch a Natural was I framed by Nature, though I have, by the Study of Wiſdom, and Philoſophy, corrected that which was a defect in Nature. The Philoſopher ſaith, *Vultus eſt index animi*, The Eye is the Caſement of the Soul, through which we may plainly ſee it,

Petron. Arbiter.

Diog. Laërtius.

better

better then he that saw *Antisthenes* his Pride through the chinks of his Cloak: but our usual Saying is, That the Tongue is the Herauld of the Mind, the Touchstone of the Heart; Could a man discern wise *Ulysses* only by his Countenance? Hear what *Homer* sayes of him, *Iliad.* 3.

Ἀλλ', ὅτε δὲ πολύμητις ἀναΐξειεν Ὀδυσσεὺς,
Στάσκεν, ὑπαὶ δ' ἴδεσκε, κατὰ χθονὸς ὄμματα πήξας:
Σκῆπτρον δ' οὔτ' ὀπίσω, οὔτε προπρηνὲς ἐνώμα,
Ἀλλ' ἀστεμφὲς ἔχεσκεν, ἀΐδρει φωτὶ ἐοικώς.
Φαίης κεν ζάκοτόν τινα ἔμμεναι, ἄφρονά θ' αὔτως.
Ἀλλ', ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ὄπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος ἵει,
Καὶ ἔπεα νηφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν,
Οὐκ ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσσῆϊ γ' ἐρίσειε βροτὸς ἄλλος.

Homer in his 3 Book of the Iliads

When that discrete Ulysses *up did stand,*
And swaid the golden Scepter in his hand,
Immoveable both it, and he were found,
Fixing a bashful visage on the ground;
Most like an Idiot rose he from his stool,
Thou mot'st have deem'd him angry, or a fool:
But, whē he spoke, his plenteous words did flow
Like to thick-falling flakes of Winter snow.
Ne any couth his wits so highly strain,
As wise Ulysses *in his flowing vein.*

Which

Which alſo *Tryphiodorus* the *Ægyptian* Poet, that wrote of the Sacking of *Troy*, ſets down elegantly to the ſame effect of *Ulyſſes*.

Tryphiodorus the Ægyptian Poet.

—Ὀδυσσῆϊ παρίστατο θῦρις Ἀθήνη,
Ἀνδρὸς ἐπιχρίουσα μελίχροϊ νέκταρι φωνήν.
Πρῶτα μὲν ἑστήκει κενεόφρονι ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς,
Ὄμματος ἀστρέπτοιο βολὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐρείσας.
Ἄφνω δ' ἀιενάων ἐπέων ὠδῖνας ἀνοίξας,
Δεινὸν ἂν ἐβρόντησε, καὶ ἱερίης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
Ἐξέχεεν μέγα κῦμα μελισταγέος νιφετοῖος.

By him impetuous Minerva *ſtood,*
And drēch'd his throat with honynectar flood:
A mope-ei'd fool he, riſing, firſt was deem'd,
Becauſe with Tellus *to conſult he ſeem'd:*
A ratling murmur oft his voice affords,
op'ning th'ore-flowing ſpringhead of his words
Like torrents of mellifluous ſnow afore th' Sun
His ſacred Hippocrene' gins to run.

So *Æſop*, the witty Fabuliſt, as we may read in his Life, what Deformity wanted he Externally? And what Beauty had he not Internally? Likewiſe *Galba*, on whom *Tully* (ſeeing his ill-ſhap'd Limbs, and his excellent Wit) had this conceit, *Ingeniũ* Galbæ *malè habitat*: *Galba*'s Wit lodges in a baſe Inn:

and

and *Sappho*, that learned Poetreſs, who had the ſame natural default in her outward Lineaments, yet had more rare gifts of Mind, thus ſpoke of her ſelf:

Ingenio forma damna rependo meæ.

Th' ill favour, and deformity of Face,
With Virtue's inward Beauty I do grace.

Again, All is not Gold, that gliſtereth, every *Perſian* Noſe argues not a valiant *Cyrus*. We often ſee *plumbeam machæram in aurea vagina*, as the *Cynick* ſaid in *Diog. Laertius*, concerning a young man, that was well-proportioned, and ſpoke ill; a leaden Rapier in a golden Sheath: wrinckled Faces, and rugged Brows lurk under ſmooth Paint. The fair-branch'd *Cypreſs*-tree fruitleſs, and barren: a putrified Nutmeg gilded over: *Diomedes* his brazen Armour ſhone like Gold: *Æſop's* Larva, (*O quale caput, at cerebrum non habet!*) a rare Head, but no Brains: many a gaudy outſide, & a baudy deformed inſide; a wooden Leg in a ſilken Stocking: ſo a fair and beautiful Corps, but a foul ugly Mind. We ſee a beautiful *Paris* of whom *Colluthus* the *Thebane* ſayes, when *Helena* carried him to her Chamber;

In Pario tumulo putridum cadaver: monumentum carcer, impium fur. Julius Scal. Epidorpidum l. 4. c. Look *Hippolytus de Conſiliis & Conſiliariis*, f. 101.

χόρον

— κόρον δ' οὐχ εἶχεν ὁπωπῆς.

Her Eyes could never be glutted with gazing on him: and yet his Judgement was in the wain, in giving the golden Ball to fading Beauty, which is but a pleaſant Poyſon, only a Letter of Commendation, as *Seneca* calls it, a dumbe praiſe, yea, a very Something of Nothing. But howſoever it come to paſs, that in ſome particulars it holdeth thus, it is not true in general: for as a Fox is known by his Buſh, a Lion by his Paw, an Aſs by his Ears, a Goat by his Beard; ſo eaſily may a man be diſcerned, I mean the excellency of his Soul, by the beauty of his Body, the Endowments of the former by the Complements of the latter. When I do gaze with a longing look on the comelineſs of the feature without, I am more then half perſwaded of the admirable decency within: as when I ſee the ſplendent Rays of the Sun, it bewrays the Sun hath a complete light within. The clearer and fairer the Fountain is to the Eye, the ſweeter it will prove unto the Taſte: the pureſt Waters are diſtilled from the choiceſt Flowers. Foul Vices are not the off-ſpring of fair

fair Faces; a vulgar Weed issues not from the Silk-worms smoother thred: the *Hyblæan* Bee sucks no sweet Hony out of the poysonous Hemlock; when we see a body as framed, and wrought out of the purest virgin-Wax, as tempered with the cunning hands of Beauty, and Favour, enriched with the very prodigality of Nature, wch Nature, and Beauty it self would be abashed, and even blush to behold, shall we say this golden Mine affords leaden Metal? *Rarum facit misturam cum sapientiâ forma*, saith *Petronius Arbiter*; & the other, *Gratior est pulchro veniens è corpore virtus*: do they speak as though it were a wonder, a rare thing, to see Wit, Wisdom, and Virtue jump in one with Beauty? Let him speak, that daily sees not the contrary. I think (though not ever) Wise men will judge ever according to the proportion of Members, not laugh fondly as they did at the Embassador's, that were deck'd, and adorn'd with precious Pearls, foolishly adoring their Pages for themselves, whom they deem'd to have been the Embassadours for their plainness. There's none so blind, but *Apollo*'s Spectacles will make him see, if a man be endowed with Wisdom, and have *Tiresias* his bright lamp

Sir Thomas Moor in his 2. Book of his *Eutopia*.

lamp of Underſtanding, the true Candle of *Epictetus*, which is to be held at a far greater prize; but he may eaſily ſee by them what a man is at the firſt Glance, his inward Virtues by his outward Gifts. And *Socrates*, no doubt, could eath have yielded well-nigh as ſincere a judgment concerning him, of whom we whilome ſpake, by nearly beholding of his beautiful Lineaments, as by hearing of his Speeches Ornaments: but he did it perchance to be a Patern of true Knowledge to Ignorance, who hath not a judicious Eye, and which is prone to Cenſure too far by the outward Reſemblance; or elſe to inſtruct Knowledge it ſelf in this, That alway to ſee is not to know.

Who cannot ſee alſo the Deformity of the Soul by the blemiſhes of the Body? though it be not a truth in every particular, as not in the former. Hear what the Poet affirms in an *Epigram* upon a ſlow-pac'd *Lurdain*,

Tardus es ingenio ut pedibus, natura etenim dat
Exterius ſpecimen, quod latet interius.

Thy leaden Heels no golden Wit doth ſhow,
For in-bred Gifts by outward Limbs we (know.

Who

Who could not have caſt *Therſites* his Water with but once looking upon the Urinal, as we ſay, ſeeing in his Body ſo great Deformity, he ſure would have averred, that in his Soul there was no great Conformity: he had one Note eſpecially, which is a bad ſign in Phyſiognomy, which *Homer* reckons as one of his miſhaps, *Iliad.* 2.

Φοξὸς ἦεν κεφαλὴν—

Acuminato erat capite, his Head was made like a broch ſteeple, ſharp, & high-crown'd, which amongſt all Phyſiognomers imports an ill-affected Mind. Who is ignorant, that men of greater ſize are ſeldom in the right Qu, in the witty vein? Who knows not, that little Eyes denotate a large Cheveril Conſcience? A great head a little portion of Wit? Goggle Eyes a ſtark-ſtaring Fool? Great Ears to be a kin to *Midas*, to be metamorphos'd *Apuleius*? Spacious-breaſted long-liv'd? A plain Brow without furrows, to be liberal? A beautiful Face moſt commonly to note the beſt Complexion? Who knows not, that μαλακότεροι σαρκὶ, &c. They that be ſoft-fleſh'd are more wiſe, and more apt to conceive? And *Albertus* ſayes, that theſe

theſe are the ſigns of a Wit as dull as a Pig of Lead; to wit, thick Nails, harſh Hair, and a groſs hard Skin: the laſt whereof was verified in *Polyáorus* a Fool, of whom *Ælian* makes mention, who had ſuch a hard thick Skin, that it could not be pierced through with pricking. Who is not acquainted with this of the *Philoſopher*, That Παχεῖα γαςὴρ λεπτότατον ὃ τίκτει νόον, a fat Belly hath a lean Ingenie; becauſe much meat affects the ſubtile Spirits with groſs and turbulent fumes, which do darken the Underſtanding. And this is ſet down, by a modern *Engliſh* Poet of good Note, pithily in two Verſes;

Fat Panches make lean Pates, & groſſer bits
Enrich th' Ribs, but bankrupt quite th' Wits.

Wherefore the *Ephori* among the *Lacedemonians* were wont (not as *Artaxerxes* did laſh the Coats of his Captains, when they had offended) to whip their fat Fools naked, that they might become lean; ſaying unto them, that They were neither fit for Action, nor Contemplation, until they were diſburdened of their fog.

CAP.

CHAP. IV.

That a Diet is to be observed of every one.

THe Antient Aphorism is, *Qui Medicè vivit, miserè vivit*, he, that observes a strict Diet, is seldom at ease; which siniſter Exposition is not to be approved. Rather thus, He, that lives under the hand of the unskilful *Empirick*, is ever in fear, and peril of Death. For unleſs the Physician wisely observe the Disease of the Patient, how he is affected, the Time when, the Climate where, the Quantity how much, his Age, and strength, his Complexion, with every Circumstance, he may Prescribe a Potion of Poyson for an *Antidotum*, or Preservative.

Therefore as *Dionyſius* the Tyrant would never have his Beard shaved, becauſe he feared the Raizor might cut his Throat, so using hot burning Coals, wherewith he often singed his Hairs: so were it good for every Patient not to be too venturous, but fear to fall into the hands of the inexpert

Phyſician, I mean Empirical, as alſo the Methodiſt, or Dogmatiſt, if they be chiefly noted to give uſual *Probatums* to try Concluſions, that will in a trice be as *Æſculapius* his Drugs, either *ad ſanitatem*, or *mortem*, to health, or death: (ſuch as *Hermocrates* was in the Poet, of whom *Andragoras* but dreaming in his ſleep died ere morning, he ſtood in ſuch fear of him:) whereas in true Phyſick there is a time with Diet for Preparation, a time for Operation, another for Evacuation, and a time for Reſtauration; theſe cannot on a ſudden be all performed without great hazard of the Patient's life, and the Agent's credit. But as it is a point of Wiſdom not to approve of ſome, ſo it is a fondling's part to diſallow all; chiefly ſo to ſtand in fear of all, as he did in *Agrippa*, who never ſaw the Phyſician, but he purged. And it is meer folly at an exigent, either not to crave the help of the Artiſt, or not to uſe a Phyſical Diet, if it be preſcribed by Wiſdom. We muſt not imagine, that any man in an extremity if he live *medicè*, that he lives *miſeré*: For Phyſick in time of need, and a golden Diet, is the only means under Heaven to prolong the days of man, which otherwiſe would

Martial, l. 6 Epig. 53.

would be abbreviated: I do not ſpeak againſt the divine limitation. What ſaith the Schole of Diet,

Pone gulæ metas, ut ſit tibi longior ætas.
Eſſe cupis ſanus? Sit tibi parca manus.

Let meager Appetite be reaſon's Page,
Let hunger aſt on Diet's golden ſtage:
Let ſparing bits go down with merriment,
Long live thou then in th' Eden *of content.*

Thus the Verſes are to be underſtood, though the covetous *Incubones* of the World, who live, like *Tantalus, inter undas ſiticuloſi*, have appropriated the ſenſe to their own uſe, after a jeſting manner, ſaying, it ſhould not be *gulæ* but *auro*, referring alſo *parca manus* to *avaritia*.

Pone auro metas, ut ſit, &c.

With iron laſhes ſcourge thy gadding Gold,
The ſight of it revives thee being old;
And wilt thou live in health, & merry chear,
Then live in wealth, & give not a deniere.

The alluſion to Martial, where he ſays, Cujus laxas arca flagellat opes.

So they will underſtand *parca manus*;

But this by the way: Temperance, and a Diet ſhould be uſed in all things, leſt that we leaving the golden mean, and with corrupted judgments imbracing the leaden extremity (kiſſing with *Ixion* a ſhadow for the ſubſtance, a meer Cloud for *Juno*) ſwimming, as it were, with the eddy, and current of our baſe humors, we do periſh on the ſea of voluptuouſneſs, long before we come to our wiſhed Port. But *Julian* the Apoſtate ſayes in his *Miſop.* Ὄνομα σωφροσύνης ἀκούομεν μόνον, ἔργον δ' οὐχ ὁρῶμεν, τί ποτ' ἔστιν οὐκ ἴσμεν. We all are ſuch Dullards, that we only hear of the Name of Temperance, but what value it is of, what happy effect it hath, we are altogether ignorant; at leaſt we never uſe it. We be like to the *Athenians*, of whom *Anaximander* ſaid, that they had good Laws, but uſed ill: We nuſle Serpents in our own boſom, our vile affections, following their ſwing ſo long, till they ſting us to death.

A Diet conſiſts properly in a temperate uſe of Meats, and Drinks; ſecondarily of Sleep, *Venus*, Veſture, Mirth, and Exerciſe. Firſt, we muſt obſerve a Diet in our Feeding, to eat no more then will ſuffice Nature, though at one time more then another,

ther, as the Proverb runs; A little in the Morning is enough; enough at Dinner is but little; a little at Night is too much: we muſt not at any time, or occaſion, cram our Maws with *Perſians* delicates, and glut our ſelves, like *Epicures*, with delicious Viands, not eat like the *Agrigentines*, of whom *Plato* ſays, Οἱ Ἀκραγαντῖνοι οἰκοδομοῦσι μὲν ὡς ἀεὶ βιωσόμενοι, δειπνοῦσι δ' ὡς ἀεὶ τεθνηξόμενοι. So *Ælian* alſo teſtifies of them, *Agrigentini ædificant quidem quaſi ſemper victuri, convivantur quaſi ſemper morituri:* They build as if they might ever live, and banquet as if they were always about to die. We muſt call to mind *Epictetus* his Saying, Τὰ περὶ τὸ σῶμα, &c. we muſt uſe ſuch things as ſerve our Bodies unto the uſe of our Souls, as Meat, Drink, Array, and the like: not to ſatisfie our beſtial Appetite. Herein is our default in this, when we make our τροφὴ τρυφὴ, that is, *Diet* our *Surfeit*, as we ſpoke of ſome before. For Drinks, we muſt not like Bowzers carouſe Bowl after Bowl to *Bacchus* his Deity, like the *Greacians*, not uſe ſmaller Cups in the beginning of our Banquet, more large and capacious Bowls at the later end. We muſt not, like *Lapithes*, drink our ſelves horn-mad. We muſt

not so highly account Wine as *Brito* did, who made his Stomach the Cask, or Wine-vessel, of whom *Vulteius* thus speaks;

Jo. Vulteius in his 1. Hendecas.

Brito *tam pretiosa vina credit,*
Ut ventrem faciat cadum, à amphoramque.

So the *Comedy*, *Quasi tu lagenam dicas, ubi vinum solet esse* Chium. *Palinurus* calls the old Wife a Flagon, or stone Bottle for Wine. We will, having so good an occasion to speak of so good a subject, incidently treat a little of Wine, of the virtues thereof, whether it be also good, and Diet-drink for all complexions. Suffer me a little *tam joco, quàm serió.* Οἶνος, Wine, saith *Plato* in his *Cratylus*, it comes of οἴησις, because it fills the mind with variety of opinion, and conceit, &c. *Fœcundi calices, quem, &c.* Or it is derived, ἀπὸ τῆς ὀνήσεως, *of help*, which *Homer* proves ------ὀνήσεαι αἴκε πιῆσθαι.

Curcul. act. 1. scen. 1.

It will help if thou drinkest it. That *Cyprian* Poet saith,

Οἶνόν τοι Μενέλαε, θεοὶ ποίησαν ἄριστον,
Θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποισιν ἀποσκεδάσαι μελεδῶνας.

The Gods, O *Menelaus*, have given strong Wines

Wines unto mortal men to diſpel cloudy cares. *Henry Stephane,* in the imitation of that old Verſe in the Poet, thus ſpeaks;

Nulla ſalus lymphis, vinum te poſcimus omnes *Henricus Stephanus in Parodi ſuis.*

A fig for Thales *watery Element,*
Lyæus *Wine we crave, Wits adjument.*

And for Wine, eſpecially for larger draughts, *Clemens* ſays, a young man in the hot Meridian of his age ought to be abſtemious: & he wills ſuch an one to Dine ſometimes with only dry things, and no moiſture, much leſe diſtemperately hot, that ſo the ſuperfluous humidity of his ſtomach may be vacuated. He ſhews alſo, that it is better (if a man do drink) to take Wine at Supper, then at Dinner, yet a little modicum *μέχει τῶν ὕβρεως κρατήρων, non ad contumeliæ crateras.* And for old men they may uſe it more laviſhly, by reaſon of their diſcrete reaſon, and age, wherewith as he ſpeakes with a double Anchor caſt into the quiet haven, they can more eaſily abide the brunt of the tempeſt of deſires, which is raiſed by the floods of their ebriety. *Clemens. Pædag. cap. 2.*

Of all Complexions, the mean of Wine

is ſovereign for the Phlegmatick, and helps the Melancholick; for the other two hotter, it little rather ſerves for Inflamnation then Conſervation. In both the firſt it helps Concoction, infuſes a lively heat into the benummed Faculties, chears up the dull and drooping Spirits, puts to flight the ſable night of fond Fanſies, purges out the feculent lees of Melancholy, refines, and purifies the inward parts, opens the obſtructions of the veins, like *Medea*'s drugs, makes one young again. It will make of a puling *Heraclitus* a laughing *Democritus*; and it will make of *Democritus* an *Heraclitus*.

On, weeping Heraclite, *thou e're doſt frown,*
Thou ſaiſt thy pattern's laughing Democrite;
But whilſt thou laughſt, th'tears fal trickling down,
Thou'rt then beholden unto Heraclite.
God Baechus *ſais, tears he hath lent to thee,*
More to ſet out thy mirth, and jollity.

Papaver, vinũ, mandragoras ſomnum provocant. Ariſt. De ſomn. & vigilia.

Οἶνος, &c. (ſaith *Zenophon*, in the place above mentioned) Wine lulls aſleep the minds of men, and, like *Mandragoras*, mitigates ſorrow, and anguiſh, and calms the roughest tempeſt of whatſoever more vehement Imagination ſourgeth in any man;

man; making him void of all perturbation, as *Creta* is free from infecting Poyſon. It is like the *Lapis Alchemicus*, the *Philoſopher's Stone*, which can convert a leaden Paſſion into any golden ſweet Content: which Paſſion goeth chiefly hand in hand with Melancholy; they being combin'd, and linck'd together, like the *Gemelli* of *Hippocrates*, who never but by violence were disjoyned the one from the other. Wine is diverſly tearmed of the *Poets*; The Wit's pure *Hippocrene*, the very *Heliconian* ſtream, or *Muſes* Fount, wherein they bath their beautious Limbs, as in the trans-parent and limpid ſtreams of *Paradiſe*, or the *Galaxie*, or milky way it ſelf, of them celeſtial Swimmers: It is an extracted *Elixir*, a Balſame, a Quinteſſence, the *Ros-Solis* to recal the duller Spirits, that are fallen, as it were, into a ſwoon. Invention, and ſmooth Utterance do follow *Bacchus*, as the *Heliotropium*, or *Caltha* is wont to move with the Sun: for, if the Wit be manacled in the Brain, as pent up in ſome cloſer Priſon, or the Tongue have a Snail-like Delivery, her Speech ſeeming as afraid to encounter with the Hearer's Apprehenſion, Wine will make the one

as

as nimble-footed as *Heraclitus* was, who could run upon the tops of Ears of Corn without bending their Blades; and the other as ſwift as winged *Pegaſus*, words flowing with ſo Extemporary a ſtream, that they will even aſtond the Hearer. Wine is another *Mercurius Caduceus*, to cauſe a ſweet Concent, and Harmony in the Actions of the Soul, if it chance there be a mutiny, to charm (being of the nature of the *Torpedo*) and caſt all moleſtation, and diſunion into a dead ſleep: as the Fife is wont to phyſick the Viper's ſting; or as *Orpheus* his Hymn did once allay the *Argonantick* ſtorm: It is called of the Hebrews, יד *Jaiin*, ſayes one, *quaſi* יד־נפש, *Jaad-nepheſh*, the *hand of the Soul*, or ימין, *Jamin*, the *right hand* of the Mind, becauſe it makes any conceit dexterical, one of the two things, for which a pregnant *Poet* (as imagine of *Homer*, *Naſo*, or any other) eſpecially is to be admired: as *Ariſtophanes* ſaith, who brings in *Æſchylus* asking of *Euripides*, Why a *Poet* ought to be had in ſo high eſteem? who anſwered, --------Δεξιότητος [ἕνεκα] καὶ παιδεύσεως, That is, for his Dexterity of Wit, & his taxing, and diſciplining the World with his all-daring Satyrical Pen: it makes

Cornelius Agrip.

Ariſtoph. Ranæ. Act. 3. Scen. 2.

makes him right Eloquent, and ſpeak with a lively grace,

O quantum debes dulci facundia Baccho ?
Ipſe vel epoto Nectare Neſtor *ero.*

Fredericus Mille-marus.

How much doth wit to Dithyrambus *ow,*
Since after wine the ebbing'ſt wit doth flow ?

It makes the *Poet* have an high ſtrain of Invention in his Works, far beyond the vulgar vein of *Aquæ potores*, Water-drinkers. This inveſted *Homer* with a ---*Laudibus arguitur*, &c. The Muſes are commended for a ---*Vina olnerunt*, &c. *Cato* had his----*Sæpe mero incalnit virtus*. This made the *Caſtalianiſt*, or Poet of yore, to be eſteemed, and termed ---the *A per ſe A* of all Artiſts, the *ſumma totalis* of Wit, the ſecond Diſh, the Marmalade, and Sucket of the Muſes, the God's *Nepenthe* of a Soul half-dead with Melancholy, the ſeven-mouth'd *Nilus*, or ſeven flowing *Euripus* of Facukty, the Load-ſtone of lively Conceit, the Paragon, Darling, and one Eye of *Minerva*, as *Lipſius* terms him. Yet Moderation is preſuppoſed, for there is no thing, whoſe Eminence may not have an Incon-

Horat. Ep. lib. 1.

Car. lib. 5. Od 21.

of a Poet's praiſe look *Æneas Sylvius.*

Inconvenience; as the *Lynx* hath a quick Eye, but a dull Memory; ſo the *Polypus* is *ſuavis ad guſtum*, but *difficilis ad ſomnum*; and much more in things is their Inconvenience, whoſe Eminence is made Inconvenience. So much Wine raviſheth the taſte, but bewitches, and ſtupifies all th' other ſenſes, and the Soul it ſelf. Take it ſparingly, and it raps one up into an *Elyſium* of diviner Contemplation, not inthralling the Mind (as exceſs is wont) but endenizoning it into an happy Freedom, and ample Liberty.

An *Apoſtrophe* to the Poet tranſlated.

Then quẽch thy thirſt in th' Heliconian *ſpring*
Unlooſe the Fetters of thy Priſoned Brain;
To let Invention caper once aloft,
In a Lavoltoe's imitation,
With Arioſto's *nimble Genius,*
Beyond a vulgar expectation.
Then mount to th' higheſt region of conceit,
And there appear to th' gazing multitude
A fiery Meteor, or a blazing Star,
Which hap may cauſe a penury of Wit
To thoſe, that happily do gaze on it.

Nothing doth elaborate our Concoction more

more then Sleep, Exercise, and Wine, say the Philosophers: but the Wine must be *generosum*, not *vappa*, it must not have lost his head. Three things note the goodness of Wine, { *Color*, *Odor*, *Sapor*, }

Si hæc tria habeat, tum COS dicitur ex prioribus literis harum præcedentium vocum; then is it pure, and the whetstone of a man's wit, when it hath a fresh Colour, a sweet fuming Odour, and a good relishing Taste. That there is a great help in it against Melancholy, it may appear by *Zeno* the Crab-tree-fac'd *Stoick*, who was χρόδον ἀπαθὴς, moved with no Affection almost, but as soon as he had tasted a Cup of Canary, he became of a powting *Stoick*, a merry *Greek*. *Merum mœrorem adimit*. *Bacchus* is a wise Collegian, who admits merriment, and expels dreriment: Sorrow carries too pale a visage, to consort with his Claret Deity. But howsoever I have spoken largely of the praise of it, and somewhat more merrily than perhaps Gravity requireth; I wish all, as in all Drinks, so in Wine especially, to observe a Diet, for the Age, Complexion, Time of the Year, Quantity, and every Circumstance.

Heidelfeldus in his *Sphinx Philosophica.*

Vel Hebr. כים *reipsa calix non adulterat.*

There

There is alſo a Diet in Sleep; we muſt not reak our ſelves upon our Beds of Doun, and ſnort ſo long,

Indomitum quod deſpumare Falernum
Sufficit, & quintâ dum linea tangitur umbrâ,

Perſius.

as would ſuffice us to ſleep out our Surfeit, till high-noon. We muſt not imitate *Cornelius Agrippa*'s Dormouſe, of whom he reports, That ſhe could not be awoke, till being boyled in a Lead, the Heat cauſed her to wake out of her ſleep, having ſlept a whole Winter. We muſt not ſleep with *Solomon*'s Fool, who will never have enough, till he come to his long ſleep: rather muſt we take the *Dolphin* to be our pattern, who doth in ſleeping alwayes move from the upper-brim of the Waters, to the bottom: or be like the *Lion*, which always moves his tayl in ſleeping. *Ariſtotle*, as *Marſus* affirms, as others, both *Alexander* the Great, and alſo *Julian* the *Apoſtate*, were wont to ſleep with a brazen Ball in their Fiſts, their Arms ſtretch'd out of Bed, under which there was plac'd a brazen Veſſel, to the end that when through drowzineſs they began to fal aſleep, the Ball of braſs falling out of their hands on the ſame metal,

Deglire Tota mihi dormitur Hyems, & ſinguior illo Tempore ſum, quo me nil niſi ſommus alit.

al, the noiſe might keep them from ſleep immoderately taken, which men of Renown, and Fame, do ſo greatly deteſt, as being an utter Enemy to all good exploits, and to the Soul it ſelf. The Poet, *Julius Scaliger*, thus ſpeaks of ſleep, in the diſpraiſe of it,

Promptas hebetat ſomniculoſa vita mentes,
Vitã ſepelit namq; hominẽ hæc mortis imago

Jul. Scal. *lib.* primo *Epidorpidum.*

Sleep dulls the ſharpeſt Conceit; this image of Death buries a man quick. How we ought to demean our ſelves for ſleep, what Beds are moſt fit to repoſe our Limbs upon, what quantity of Repaſt we muſt receive, as alſo the inconvenience, that redounds unto our Bodies by immoderate ſleep; Excellent is that Chapter of *Clemens* in the *ſecond* of his *Pedagog.* Firſt, he adviſeth us to ſhun ἁπὰς ὕπνε μαλακοτέρας, Beds ſofter then ſleep it ſelf, affirming, that it is dangerous and hurtful to lie on Beds of Doun; our Bodies, for the ſoftneſs thereof, καθάπερ εἰς τὸ ἀχανὲς καταπλόντων, falling as it were, & ſinking down into them, as into a vaſte, gaping, and hollow pit: theſe Beds are ſo far from helping Concoction, that they enflame the Native Heat, and putrifie

Clemens, 2. pædag. cap. 9.

putrifie the nourishment. Again, for sleep it must not be a resolution of the Body, but a remission; and, as he saith, --ἐπεγερτικῶς, ἀπονυςακτέον, we must so sleep, that we may easily be awaked, which may easily be effected, if we do not over-ballast our Stomachs with superfluity, and too delicious viands.

The manner also of sleep must be duly regarded; to sleep rather open mouth'd then shut, which is a great help against internal Obstructions, which more ensweetneth the Breath, recreateth the Spirits, comforteth the Brain, and more cooleth the vehement Heat of the Heart. Sleeping on our Back is very dangerous, and unwholsome, as all Physicians affirm, because it begetteth a superabundance of bad Humors, generates the Stone, is the cause of a Lethargy in the back-part of the Head, procureth the running of the Reins, especially if a man lie hot, as upon Feathers, which greatly impairs man's strength, and affects him with a vicious kind of soaking heat; it is also the means to bring the *Ephialtes*, which the Vulgar sort term the *Night-mare*, or the *riding of the Witch*; which is nothing else but a Disease proceeding

Of the *Ephialtes*, or the *Night-mare*.

ding of groſs Phlegme in the Orifice of the Stomach, by long ſurfeit, which ſends up cold vapours to the hinder Cells of the moiſtened Brain, and there by his groſſeneſs hinders the paſſage of the Spirits deſcending, which alſo cauſes him, that is affected, to imagine he ſees ſomething oppreſs him, and ly heavily upon him, when indeed the fault is in his brain, in the hinder part only; for if it were in, and had poſſeſſion of the middle part, the Fancy ſhould be hindred from imagining: which alſo ſeems to be tainted with darkſom fumes, becauſe it forms, and feigns to it ſelf divers viſions of things, which have no exiſtence in verity, yet it is not altogether obſcured: and it may be proved eſpecially to lodge in that part, I mean in the head, becauſe of the want of motion in that part chiefly. This Diſeaſe never takes any, but while they lie upon their backs. There is another Diet for *Venus:* we muſt not ſpend our ſelves upon common Curtizans; we muſt not be like Sparrows, which, as the Philoſopher ſayes, go to it eight times in an hour; nor like Pigeons, which twain are feigned of the Poets to draw the chariot of *Cytheræa* for their ſalacity; but rather like the ſtock-Dove, who is called *palumbes, quoniam parcit*

lumbis, as contrary wiſe *columba, quippe colit lumbos*, becauſe ſhe is a venereous Bird. It were good to tread in *Carneades* ſteps for Chaſtity, and follow *Xenocrates* example, who, as *Frid. Millemanus* reports, was cauſed to lie with a Curtezan all night, for the tryal of his Chaſtity; whom the Curtezan affirmed in the morning, *Non vt hominem, ſed vt ſtipitem prope dormiſſe*; not to have laid by her as a man, but as a ſtock.

Valer. Max. and *Frid. Millemanus.*

For our Exerciſe, wherein a Diet alſo is to be reſpected, it muſt neither be too vehement nor too remiſs: *ad ruborem, non ad ſudorem*, to heat, not ſweat. There be two other, the one of Nutriment, the other of Attire, which are in Phyſick to be had in account; which for brevity I paſs over, *malim enim*, as he ſaith, *in minimo peccare, quàm non peccare in maximo*. But note here, that the firſt Diet is not only in avoiding ſuperfluity of Meats, and ſurfeit of Drinks, but alſo in eſchewing ſuch, as are moſt obnoxious, and leaſt agreeable with our happy temperate ſtate: as for a Cholerick man to abſtain from all ſalt, ſcorched dry Meats, from Muſtard, and ſuch like things, as will aggravate his malignant Humor, all hot Drinks, & enflaming Wines: For a Sanguine to refrain from all Wines, be-

becauſe they engender ſuperfluous blood, which without evacuation will breed either the Frenzy, the Hemorrhoids, *ſputum ſanguinis*, dulneſs of the Brain, or any ſuch diſeaſe. For Phlegmatick men to avoid all thin Rheumatick Liquors, cold Meat, and ſlimy, as Fiſh, and the like, which may beget Crudities in the Ventricle, the Lethargy, Dropſies, Cathars, Rheumes, and ſuch like. For a Melancholick man in like manner, to abandon from himſelf all dry and heavy Meats, which may bring an accrument unto his ſad humor; ſo a man may in time change, and alter his bad Complexion into a better. We will therefore conclude, that it is excellent for every complexion to obſerve a diet, that thereby the Soul, this Heavenly created form, ſeeing it hath a Sympathy with the body, may execute her Functions freely, being not moleſted by this terreſtrial Maſs, which otherwiſe will be a burthen ready to ſurpreſs the Soul.

CAP. V.

How man derogates from his Excellency by Surfeit, and of his untimely Death.

AS Nature's workmanſhip is not little in the greateſt, ſo it may be great in the leaſt things: there is not the abjecteſt, nor ſmalleſt Creature under the Firmament, but would aſtoniſh, and amaze the beholder, if he duly conſider in it the divine Finger of the univerſal Nature. Admirable are the Works of Art even in leſſer things. Ἐσι γὰρ ἐν ὀλίγῳ πολλὰ δειχθῆναι, *Little Works ſhew forth great Artificers.* The image of *Alexander* mounted upon his Courſer was ſo wonderfully pourtrayed out, that being no bigger then might well be covered with the nail of a Finger, he ſeemed both to jerk the Steed, and to ſtrike a terrour and amazement into the beholder. The whole *Iliades* of *Homer* were comprized into a compendious Nut-ſhell, as the Oratour mentions; and *Martial*, in the ſecond of his *Diſtichs*. The *Rhodes* did carve out a Ship, in every point abſolute, and yet ſo little, that the wings of a Fly might eaſily hide the whole ſhip.

Mart. Ilias & Priami regnis, inimicus Vlyſſes Multiplici pariter condita pelle jacens.

Phydias

Phydias merited great praiſe for his Scarabee, his Graſhoper, his Bee; of which ſaith *Julian*, every one, though it were framed of Braſs by nature, yet his Art did add a life, and ſoul unto it. None of all theſe Works, though admirable in the eye of cunning it ſelf, may enter into the liſts of compare with the leaſt living thing, much leſs with that heavenly work of Works, nature's ſurquedry, and pride, that little World, the true pattern of the divine Image, Man; who, if he could hold himſelf in that perfection of Soul, and temperature of Body, in which he was framed, and ſhould by right preſerve himſelf, excels all Creatures of the inferiour Orbs, from the higheſt unto the loweſt: yet by diſtempering his Soul, and miſ-dieting his Body inordinately by ſurfeit, and luxury, he comes far behind many of the greateſt, which are more abſtinent, and ſome of the leſs Creatures, that are leſs continent. Who doth more excel in Wiſdom then he? Who is more beautified with the Ornaments of Nature? more adorn'd with the adjuments of Art? endowed with a greater ſum of Wit? Who can better preſage of things to come by Natural Cauſes? Who hath a more filed Judgement? A Soul more active,

Julian in an Epiſtle to *Georgius*, the *Biſhop* of *Alexandria*.

ſo

ſo furniſh'd with all the Gifts of Contemplation? Who hath a deeper inſight of knowledge both for the Creator, and Creature? Who hath a Body more ſound, and perfect? Who can uſe ſo ſpecial means to prolong his days in this our earthly Paradiſe? And yet we ſee that for all this excellency, and ſuper-eminence, through a diſtemperate life, want of good advice, and circumſpection, by embracing ſuch things as prove his bane (yea ſometimes in a bravery) he abridges his own days, pulling down untimely death upon his own head: he never bends his ſtudy and endeavour to keep his body in the ſame model, and temper, that it ſhould be in. Man's life, ſaith *Ariſtotle*, is upheld by two Staffs; the one is θερμότης, native heat; the other is, ὑγρότης, radical moiſture. Now, if a man do not with all care ſeek to obſerve an equal portion, and mixture of them both, ſo to manage them, that the one overcome not the other: the body is like an inſtrument of Muſick, that, when it hath a diſcordancy in the ſtrings, is wont to jar, and yields no melodious and ſweet Harmony: to go unto the Philoſopher's own Simile. Our heat is like the flame of a burning Lamp; the moiſture like the foiſon,

Ariſtotle in his book De Longitudine & Brevitate vitæ.

or

or Oyl of the Lamp, wherewith it continues burning. As in the Lamp if there be not a ſymmetrie, and a juſt meaſure of the one with the other, they will in a ſhort time, the one of them deſtroy the other. For if the heat be too vehement, and the Oyl too little, the latter is ſpeedily exhauſted; and if the Oyl be too abundant, and the heat too remiſs, the fire is quickly ſuffocated. Even ſo it fares with theſe two in the body of man, man muſt ſtrive againſt his Appetite with reaſon to ſhun ſuch things as do not ſtand with reaſon; whatſoever will not keep theſe in their equality of dominion, muſt be avoided; unleſs we will baſely ſubject our ſelves to fond deſire, which is (as we ſay) ever with Child. To what end is Reaſon placed in the Head as in her Tower, but that ſhe may Rule over the Affections, which are ſcituated far under her? Like *Æolus*, whom *Virgil* feigneth to ſit in an high Turret, holding the Scepter, and appeaſing the turbulent Winds, which are ſubject unto him. Thus *Maro* deſcribes him,

----celſâ ſedet Æolus arce, (iras.
Sceptra tenens, mollítq; animos, & temperat

We muſt eſpecially bridle our untamed Appetite in all luxury, and ſurfeit, which will ſuddenly extinguiſh our Natural flame, and ſuck-up the Native Oyl of our lively Lamp e're we be aware, and die long before the compleat Age of man, as many moſt excellent men we read of have brought a violent death upon themſelves, long before the leaf of their life was expired, though not by that means; for Death is of two ſorts, either natural, or violent. Violent, as when by ſurfeit, by miſ-diet, by ſword, by any ſudden accident, a man either dies by his own hand, or by the hand of another; this is that death, whereof *Homer* ſpeaks,

Εἶλε δ' πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταίη.

Cepit illum purpurea mors & violenta Parca.

He died ſuddenly by one forcible ſtroke. So purple Death is to be underſtood, of *Purpurea*, or *Murex*, the purple Fiſh, who yields her purple-dying humor, being but once ſtruck, as they that be learned know; for this accidentary Death inſtance might be given of many.

Anacreon died, being choak'd with a ker-

nel

nel of a Raiſon: *Empedocles* threw himſelf into *Ætna*'s flakes to eternize his Memory: *Euripides* was devour'd by *Thracian* Curs: *Æſchylus* was kill'd with a Tortoiſeſhell, or (as ſome write) with a Desk, that fell upon his head whilſt he was Writing: *Anaximander* was famiſh'd to death by the *Athenians*: *Heraclitus* died of a dropſie being wrap'd in Oxen dung before the Sun: *Diogenes* died by eating raw *Polypus*: *Lucretia* ſheathed her Knife in her own bowels, to renown her Chaſtity: *Regulus*, that worthy Romane mirrour, rather then he would ranſome his own life by the death of many, ſuffered himſelf to be rowled to death in a hogſhed full of ſharp nails: *Menander* was drown'd in the *Pyræan* Haven, as *Ovid* in his *Ibis* witneſſeth: *Socrates* was poyſoned with Chill *Cicuta*: *Homer* ſtarv'd himſelf for anger, that he could not expound the Riddle, which the Fiſhers did propound unto him. When he demanded what they had got, they anſwered,

Ὅσσ' ἕλομεν λιπόμεσθα, ὅσσ' οὐχ ἕλομεν φερόμεσθα. *Plutarch.*

What we have taken, we have left behind,
What's not taken, about us thou maiſt find.

Eupolis

Eupolis the Poet was drown'd, &c.

For a Natural death, every man knows, it is when by the courſe of Nature a man is come to the full period of his Age, ſo that with almoſt a miracle a man can poſſibly live no longer: as all thoſe *decrepits*, whom *Plautus* cals *ſilicernii*, *capularii*, *ſenes Acheruntici*, all old men, that dying are likned to Apples, that being mellow fall of their own accord from the trees. Such an one as *Numa Pompilius* was, the Predeceſſour of *Tullus Hoſtilius* in his Kingdom, whom *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus* highly praiſed for his Vertues; at length coming to ſpeak of his death, ſayes, "But firſt, he lived long with perfect "ſenſe, never Unfortunate; & he ended his "days with an eaſie Death, being withered "away with Age: which end happens more late unto the Sanguine, then to any other Complexion; and the ſooneſt comes upon a Melancholick Conſtitution.

Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus, lib. 2. *Antiq. Roman.* So *Abraham expiravit in canitie bona, ſenio ſatur*; Gen. xxv. 8.

Few die Naturally, but wiſe men, who know their tempers well. Many die violently by themſelves, like fools, who have no inſight into themſelves; eſpecially by this great fault of Surfeit, partly by the ignorance of their own ſtate of Complexion, and partly the eyes of their Reaſon being blind-folded by

by their laſcivious wantonneſs, and luxury, amidſt their greateſt jollity.

For variety of Meats, and dainty diſhes, are the Nurſes of great Surfeits, and many dangerous Diſeaſes. To the which that Speech of *Lucian* is ſuitable; where he ſaith, that Gouts, Tiſſicks, Exulcerations of the Lungs, Dropſies, and ſuch like, which in rich men uſually are reſident, are, Πολυτελῶν δείπνων ἀπόγονα, the off-ſpring of ſumptuous Banquets: ſo alſo did *Antiphanes* the Phyſician ſay, as we read in *Clemens*. *Lucian, in his Somniũ or Gallus. Clemens, Pædag. 2. cap. 1.*

Surfeit is an over-cloying of the Stomach with Meats, and Drinks properly, which hinder the ſecond Concoction, and there feſter, and putrifie, corrupting the Spirits, infecting the blood, and other internal parts, to the great weakning, and infeebling of the body, and often to the ſeparation of the ſoul: improperly of Anger, *Venus*, and the like. All which in a Parode, imitating *Virgil*, we may ſet down, but chiefly touching Surfeit,

——— *à ſedibus imis*
Vnà ardor, luxúsq; fluunt, & crebra procellis,
Dira Venus, mœſtos generāt in corpore luctus:
Corporis inſequitur tabes funeſta, vaporum
Nubes

Nubes obtenebrant ſubito ſenſũq; animumq́;
Fumantis crapulæ cerebro nox incubat atra:
**Intonuêre exta, & crebris angoribus algent,*
Infauſtámque guloſo intentant ilia mortem.

Of all Sins, this Gluttony, and Gormandizing putrifieth, and rotteth the body, and greatly diſableth the Soul; it is termed *crapula* of κάρα, and πάλλω, of *ſhaking the Head*; becauſe it begets a Reſolution of the Sinews by Cold, bringing a Palſie. Or for this, when Nature is overcharged, and the Stomach too full (as he ſaith in his *Theatre du monde*) all the Brains are troubled in ſuch ſort, that they cannot execute their functions as they ought. For as *Iſocrates* writes, The Mind of man being corrupted with exceſs, and Surfeit of Wine, he is like unto a Chariot running without a Coach-man. This fault of Luxury was in *Sardanapalus*, whoſe belly was his God, and God his Enemy: in *Vitellius*, who had ſerved unto him at one Feaſt 2000 Fiſhes, and 7000 Birds: in *Heliogabalus*, that Centre of all dainties, who at one Supper was ſerved with 600 Oſtriches: in *Maximianus*, who did eat every day 40 pound of Fleſh, and drink 5 gallons of Wine. Concerning ravenous eaters learned

Inton allu-ſum eſt ad verba, Ariſt. αἱ κλόνος ἐξαίφνης αὐτὴν [ναστέρα] διακεκωρύγησεν.

κραιπάλη. *Clemens, 2. Pædag. cap. 2.*

Iſocrate to Demonicus.

ned *Athenæus* is abundant, and copious. This no doubt was in the Prieſts of *Babylon*, who worſhipped God *Bell* only for God *belly*. Great was the abſtinence of *Aurelianus* the Emperour, who when he was ſick of any malady (as *Fl. Vopiſcus* records) never called for any Phyſician, but alwayes cured, and recovered himſelf by a ſparing thin Diet. Such temperance is to be uſed of all them, that have judgement to expel, and put to flight all dyſcraſies, and diſeaſes whatſoever, leſt by not preventing that in time, which will enſue, we be ſo far ſpent, that it is too late to ſeek for help.

But all too late comes th' Electuary,
When men the corſe unto the grave do carry. *Chaucer of Troilus.*

Ecquid opus Cratero magnos promittere montes, if thou would'ſt give whole mountains for the Phyſician's help, all's too late, ſithence thou art paſt cure. Let Judgment, and diſcretion therfore ſtay thy fond affections, and luſts; let them be like the little Fiſh *Echinis*, or *Remora*, which will cauſe the mightieſt *Atalantado*, or higheſt ſhip to ſtand ſtill upon the ſurging waves: ſo thou muſt ſtay the great Ship of thy deſire in the Ocean

Echin. look *Oppian*, *Plin.* *Fracaſtor.* *Ælian*, *&c.* It hath his name ἀπὸ τῦ ἔχειν τὰς ναῦς.

Ocean of worldly pleaſures, leſt, it going on, thou make ſhipwrack of thy Life, and good Name.

Whoſoever propheſieth thus, fore-telleth truth; yet he is accounted vain and too ſharp unto the *Epicures* of our age, as whoſoever in any Propheſie. So *Euripides*, or rather *Tireſias* in *Euripides* his *Phœniſſa* ſaith,

Ὅσις δ' ἐμπύρῳ χρᾶται τέχνῃ,
Μάταιος. ἢν γὰρ ἐχθρὸς σκήπτρας τύχῃ
Πικρὸς καθέστηχ' οἷς ἂν ὑπωροσκοπῇ.

The Poet *Perſius* is this Prophet, that fore-tells of death, & a ſudden end to them, that are given to Luxury, and Surfeit;

Turgidus his epulis atque albo ventre lavatur
Gutture ſulphureas, lentè exhalante mephites:
Sed rremor inter vina ſubit, calidumq; trientem
Excutit è manibus, dentes crepùere retecti,
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris:
Hinc tuba, candela, tandémque beatulus alto
Compôſtus lecto, craſsísq; litatus amomis, &c.

With Surfeit's tympany he ginning ſwell,
All wan eſt lavers in Saint Buxton's *well:*

He

He breathing belketh out ſuch ſulphure airs
As Sun exhales from thoſe Ægyptian mares.
deth's ſhudring fit, while quaffing he doth ſtãd
With chilneſs ſmites the bowl out of his hand:
Grinning with all diſcovered teeth he dies,
And vomits up his Oyly Crudities.
Hence is't the ſolemn doleful Cornet calls,
And dimmer Tapers burn at Funerals:
At length his vehement malady being calmed,
In's hollow tomb with ſpice he lies embalmed.

But *Caſſandra* may Propheſie of the ſacking of the City, and bid the *Trojans* be warned of the wooden horſe, as *Tryphiodorus* ſpeaks, τέξεται ὄβριμος ἵππος, and ſome will ſtep out as *Priam* did, too fond in that, yea not a few, & will cry with him, *Fruſtrà nobis vaticinaris*, Tut, thou art a falſe Prophet,

Οὔπω σοι κέκμηκε νόος λυσσώδεϊ πέσσῳ.

Wil'ſt never be tyred, nor cured of this Phrenetical diſeaſe. But was not (thou *Epicure*) the *Cyclops* his eye put out, as *Telemus Eurymid.* propheſied unto him, yet the *Cyclops* (as the Poet witneſſeth) laugh'd him to ſcorn.

Riſit,

Riſit, & O vatum ſtolidiſſime, falleris, inquit.

He laugh'd in's ſleeve, and ſaid to Telemus, *Fondling, thou erreſt, thus in telling us.*

Thou, that art Wiſe, *Telemus* ſpeaks to thee, that, being fore-warned, thou maiſt be fore-arm'd. By Phyſicking thy ſelf thou mayeſt live with the feweſt, and out-live the moſt. Be not addicted to this foul Vice of Gaſtrimargiſm, and belly-chear, like *Smyndyrides*, who when he rid a ſuiter to *Clyſthenes* his Daughter, carried with him a thouſand Cooks, as many Fowlers, and ſo many Fiſhers, ſaith *Ælian*, although *Athenæus* ſay he carried with him but an hundred of all. This *Smyndyrides* was ſo given to Meat, Wine, and Sleep, that he brag'd he had not ſeen the Sun either Riſing, or Setting, in twenty years, (as the ſame Author reports) when it is to be marvelled how he in that diſtemper could live out twenty. We muſt not, like the Paraſite, make our Stomachs *cœmeterium ciborum*, leſt we make our Bodies *ſepulchra animarum. Dum os delectatur condimentis, anima necatur comedentis:* *Gregory* out of *Ludolphus*.

Athenæus in Deipnoſophiſt.

Too

Too much doth blunt the edge of the sharpest Wit, dazle, yea, wholly extinguish the bright and clear beams of the Understanding, as *Theopompus*, in the Fifth of his *Phil.* reports: yea, it doth so fetter, and captivate the Soul in the darksome prison of discontentedness, that it never can enjoy any pure Air to refresh it self, till it by constraint be enforced to break out of this ruinous Gaol, the distempered and ill-affected body: which will in a moment come to pass, if a man be inclined to Luxury, the sudden shortner of the days. I would wish, that every one, that hath wisdom, could use abstinence as well as they know it; but it is to be feared, that they, that never have attained to that pitch of Wisdom, use abstinence more, though they know it less.

Athenæus in the 4 of his *Deipnosophist.*

CAP. VI.

Of Temperaments.

WE muſt know, that all Natural Bodies have their Compoſition of the mixture of the Elements, Fire, Air, Water, Earth. Now they are either equally poys'd according to their weight, in their Combination, as juſt ſo much of one Element, as there is of another, throughout the *quaternio*, or whole number; as imagine a *Duplum*, *Quadruplum*, or *Decuplum* of Earth, ſo much juſt of Fire, as much of Air, and the like quantity of Water, and no more: then they be truly balanced one againſt another in our underſtanding; when there are as many degrees of heat, as of cold; of drineſs, as of moiſture. Or they be diſtemperate, or unequal, yet meaſured by worthineſs, where one hath dominion over another; as in Beaſts, that live upon the center, Earth and Water do domineer: in Fowls commonly Air and Fire are predominant. Or thus, where the true Qualities are inherent, and rightly given unto their proper Subjects:

Subjects: as in the Heart well-tempered Heat consists: Moisture rules in the Brain, having his true temper: Cold in the Fat: Drineſs in the Bones. The firſt is termed Εὐκρασία, or *Temperamentum ad pondus*, which is found in none, though they have never ſo excellent & ſurpaſſing a temperature; and is only imaginary, yet in ſome ſort held to be extant by *Fernelius*. The other is called *Temperamentum ad juſtitiam*, which diſtributes every thing its own, according to the equity of parts. Of the predominion of any Element, or rather the qualities of the Element, the Complexion hath his peculiar Denomination: as if the Element of Fire be Chiefcain, the Body is ſaid to be Cholerick: if Air bear rule, to be Sanguine: if Water be in his vigour, the Body is ſaid to be Phlegmatick: if Earth have his dominion, to be Melancholick. For Choler is hot and dry; Bloud, hot and moiſt; Water, cold and moiſt: Earth, cold and dry. Theſe four Complexions are compared to the four Elements; ſecondly, to the four Planets; *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Luna*; then to the four Winds; then to the four Seaſons of the year; fifthly unto the 12 Zodiacal Signs, in whom are four Triplicities; laſtly, to the four

Ages of man: all which are here deciphered, and limned out in their proper Orbs.

But, to ſquare my words according to the vulgar eye, there be nine Temperatures, that are blazond out among the Phyſicians; four Simple, according to the four firſt Qualities, Heat, Drineſs, Moiſture, Coldneſs; the other four be Compounded, as hot and dry, hot and moiſt, cold and moiſt, *&c.* The contrarieties be in no body according to their eminence & valour, but only comparatively: as hot and cold is agreeable to no nature, according to their predominances, dry and moiſt competent to none, not in the height of their degrees: for as, in Political affairs, one Kingdom, or State cannot brook two Monarchs, or Compeers, as *Lucan* ſaith, *Omnisque poteſtas Impatiens conſortis erit*, &c. No Potentate admits an equal: yea, through civil garboils, and mutines, their eager contention ruinates, and often diſſolves the ſinewes of the Common-weal: ſo happens it in the natural body; where the Qualities are equaliz'd in ſtrength, there muſt needs be action and re-action, a buſtling and ſtrugling together ſo long, till there be a conqueſt of the one, which no doubt will ſoon diſſever the parts, and rend in ſunder the whole

whole Compound: yet theſe twain may, (I mean drineſs and moiſture, or cold and hot) be competent to the ſame Subject by comparing them with others in other Subjects; as man is both hot and cold, but in regard of ſuch bodies, as are of a cold Conſtitution, as in regard of the Femal ſex, which abounds with moiſture: Hot in compare with an Aſs, which is reported, among the Philoſophers, to be of an exceeding cold Conſtitution, which may evidently appear by his ſlow pace, by ſhoes made of his skin, by that chill Water of the *Arcadian Monacris*, which for the extream coldneſs cannot be contained in any veſſel, ſave the Hoof of an Aſs. Man is hot, in comparing him with the *Salamander*, the *Torpedo*, and the *Pirauta*; Cold, in reſpect of the *Lion*, the *Struthio-camel* or *Oſtridge*, which will concoct Iron, or Leather; the *Cock Sparrow*, *Pigeon*, and *Dog*: and theſe are rather to be termed Diſtemperaments.

The ninth and the laſt is called *temperamentum ad pondus*, of which we ſpake erſt, & is not in any, but only in Conceit. But how every Temperature is good, or bad, and how their mixtures imply an excellent and healthful, or diſeaſed eſtate: as if in man's

body the chief valour of Fire concur with the tenuity of Water; or the groſſeſt ſubſtance of Water with the pureſt tenuity of Fire be conjoyned; or the ſtrength and quinteſſence of Fire with the thickeſt part of humour ruling in one; or the pureſt and rareſt parts of fire, with the thinneſt and cleareſt ſubſtance of Water: what temperature all theſe import, look *Hipocrates* in his Book *De victûs ratione. lib.* 1. *ſect.* 4. A temper alſo as it is uſually taken, may be referred to the equal proportion of radical heat, to inbred moiſture, when they are like powerful, to the excellency, and purity of the bloud, to the ſubtilty of the ſpirits, to a ſupple, ſoft, and tender skin, to mollified and ſmooth hairs, to the amiable and beautiful feature, to affability, and gracious delivery of Speech, to a buxom, pliable, and refined Wit, to a wiſe moderation of anger, to the vaſſalizing of the rebellious affections: all which when we ſee to jump together in one, or the moſt of them, we ſay that man, or that body hath a moſt happy temper, a rare compoſition, a ſweet complexion.

CAP.

CAP. VII.

Of diverſities of Wit: and moſt according to Tempers.

PLiny makes mention of King *Pyrrhus*, that he had a little pretious Pearl of diverſe reſplendent Colours, commonly termed the *Achates* of our skilful *Lapidaries*. Wherein were admirably coaduna-ted the nine *Heliconian* Ladies, and *Apollo* holding his golden Harp. Our Soul, that Princely *Pyrrhus*, or πυρὸς ῥώμη, that *igneus vigor*, the quinteſſence, or virtue of Heaven's fire, as the Poets call it, hath this rare gem, as an *Achates*, daily to conſort with it; wherein is not only a Bower for the *Muſes* to diſport themſelves in, but alſo an Harbour for wiſe *Apollo* to lodge in, to wit, our acute, pleaſant, and active wit, which can apparel it ſelf with more variable Colours, and ſuit it ſelf with more Reſemblances, then either the *Chamæleon*, or *Polypus*; and like an induſtrious Bee, taking her flight into the fragrant fields of *Minerva*, can gather ſuch Hony-ſuckle from the ſweeteſt

So Rueus *reports* l. 2. xvi. *So* Petrarch *and* Cardan.

flowers, as may feaſt with delicious dainties the hungry ears of the attentive Auditours, if they deign but to let their ears (as once divine *Plato*'s mouth was) be the Hives or Cells, wherein to ſtore up their Honycombs; if they will ſuffer them to be as veſſels, ready to receive, and entertain the *Nectar*-flowing words of Wit. It is called among the Grecians Εὐφῦια, and he that's poſſeſſed of it, is termed Ἄφρων, excelling in active nature, acute, having a quick inſight into a thing, a lively conceit of a thing: that can invent with eaſe ſuch witty Policies, quirks, and ſtratagems, as he, that is not of ſo ſharp a wit, would even admire, never can compaſs. It hath his ſeat *in intellectu agente*, in the Active Underſtanding, which doth offer the *ſpecies* and *ideas* of Objects to the Paſſive, there to be diſcerned, and judged of according to their real eſſence.

As divers, and the moſt are endowed with wits; ſo moſt wits are divers in nature. There is a *Simian*, or apiſh wit; an *Arcadian* wit, a *Roſcian* wit; a *ſcurril* wit; an *Ænigmatical* wit, an *obſcene* wit; an *Antolycan*, or embezel'd wit; a *Chance-medley* wit; and laſtly, there is a ſmirk, quick, and *dexterical* wit. They, that have the firſt, do only imi-

Nine kind of Wits uſual at this day.

1.

tate,

tate, and do apiſhly counterfeit, and reſemble a Poet, or an Oratour, or any man of excellency in any thing: yet can they never climb up to the top of Poetry, whither his wit aſpired, whom they do imitate; and as it was once ſaid, That it is impoſſible to get to the top of *Pythagoras* his Letter, without *Cræſus* his golden ladder; intimating, that

——— *Haud facilè emergunt*
Quorum virtutibus obſtat res anguſta domi:
No Eagle proves he, but a ſilly Wren,
That ſoars without an Angel's golden pen.

That Learning cannot climb without golden ſteps; ſo they can never attain to his high ſtrain with their baſe leaden invention, but are conſtrained either fooliſhly to go on unto the *Cataſtrophe*, or with diſgrace, and infamy (being tired in the race of their own fancies) to make a full period, long before the *Cataſtrophe*. Thus *Accius Labeo* was an apiſh imitator of *Homer*. An *Arcadian* wit is meant of him, *cùm ſono intempeſtivo rudit aſellus*, when a man imagins he ſings harmonioufly, or the Nightingals ſugared Notes, or like one of *Cham's* Swans, when indeed he proves no Swan, but rather a ſilly Swain. 2.

Ledæos *ſtrepit anſer ùt inter olores.*

He is like a loud Sack-but, intermedled with

with ſtill Muſick; he brayes like an *Arcadian* Aſs, he is conceited without reaſon, as he was, who among the devout Offerings to the Egyptian *Ox*, *Apis*, or *Serapis*, offered up a great bottle of Hay. Or when a man is witty like *Plutarch*'s Aſs, not conſidering the infortunate event his wit will have. *Plutarch* tells of a prety Jeſt; An Aſs chanc'd to paſs through a freſh River laden with Salt, which being deep, the Water melted much of the Salt in the ſacks; which the Aſs perceiving, that he was much lightned of his burden; the next time he came that way, the Water not being ſo high, the Aſs wittily couch'd down to eaſe himſelf of his weight: whoſe Policy the Maſter eſpying, afterward revenged on this manner, lading the Aſs with Wool, and Spunges; who, according to his wont, did dip the Sacks as before in the Water; but when he came out, he felt his load far more aggravated, in ſo much it made him groan again: wherefore ever after he was wary, leſt his Pack might touch the Water never ſo little. This is alſo called Mother-wit, or fooliſh-wit, or no wit; like that, which was in a certain Country-Gentleman, whom the Queen of *Arabia* meeting, and knowing him to be a man of no

Plut. *De ſolert. animal.*

no great Wiſdom, demanded of him when his Wife ſhould be brought a bed? who anſwered, Even when your Highneſs ſhall command. Such a Wit was in the Ruſtick, of whom we read in *The Courtier*, That he meeting a herd of Goats by the way, and eſpying one of them amongſt the reſt to have a longer Beard than any of the reſt, he wondring at the gravity of the Goat, as preſently amazed, he ſtood ſtock ſtill, & cryed, Lo Sirs, me thinks this Goat is as wonderful like Saint *Paul*, as ever I ſaw. A *Roſcian* wit is only in Geſture; when one can far more wittily expreſs a thing by dumb external action, then by a lively internal invention; more by geſtures, then jeſts. This was in that *Pantomimical Roſcius*, who could vary a thing more by geſture, then either *Tully* could by Phraſe, or he by his witty Speeches. Cler. De Aulico. 3.

The fourth Wit belongs to *Pantalabus*: a *ſcurrile* wit, that jeſts upon any, howſoever, when, and whereſoever, contrary to all Urbanity; as he that jeſted illiberally upon the *Chorus* of Goddeſſes in *Ariſtophanes*. It was in *Sextus Navius*, whom *Tully* mentions; it was alſo in *Philippus* the Jeſter, who ſaid in *Zenophon*, Becauſe laughter is out of 4. Strapſiad. in Ariſtop. his Nubes.

requeſt,

request, my Art goes a begging: ὅτε γὰρ ἐγὼ γε σπουδάσαι ἂν δυναίμην μᾶλλον, ἤπερ ἀθάνατος γενέσθαι. I can be as soon immortal, as speak in earnest.

Xenophon in his Convivium.

5. An *Ænigmatical* Wit is when one strives to speak obscurely, and yet all the light of his own Reason, or others, cannot illuminate the dark sense; yet oftentimes by a witty apprehension it may relish a filed, and smooth wit. This was in *Tectius Caballus*, who coming into *Cicero*'s Schole, *Seneca* being then also present, he on a sudden brake out into these speeches, *Si Thrax ego essem, Fusius essem; si Pantomimus, Bathillus; si equus, Menason:* to which *Seneca* answered the Fool according to his folly, in these words, *Si cloaca esses, magnus esses.*

6. The *Obscene* Wit is when a man uses too broad a Jest, when his Conceit relishes not in a chast ear; as oftentimes *Martial*, who said, *Nolo castrari meos libellos*; as *Ausonius, Petronius, Catullus*, and *Persius* in one place especially, though wisely interpreted of the learned. It is in them, who think their Wit, & Poetry never sound well till that, *cùm carmina lumbum intrant, &c.* which is to be accounted the Canker-worm of true Wit, and altogether reprovable in any Poet, though his Jest be never so witty.

Yet

Yet *Catullus* ſpeaks in the Apologie of this fault,

Nam caſtum eſſe decet
Pium Poëtam ipſum,
Verſiculos ejus nil neceſſe eſt, &c.

For it behooves a Poet himſelf to be virtuous and chaſte; for his verſes it is not ſo greatly matterial. So in another place,

Laſciva eſt nobis pagina, vita proba.

What if my Page be laſcivious, ſo that my Life be not ſcandalous? Yet *Scaliger* wiſely replies againſt this fonder ſpeech, ſaying,

Audens in honeſtis numeris fundere verſus,
Muſisq; pudicis quaſi maculas dare impudi- Jul. Scal. lib. 6. Epi-
Laſciva quaſi pagina ſit, vita probata: (cas, dorpidum.
Impurus erit, quod habet vas, fundere ſuevit.

Which is, He, that preſumes with his all-daring Quill to put forth lewd Pamphlets, amorous Love-ſongs, and Wanton Elegies, to ſet up a venereous Schole; blurring and ſtaining the pure unſpotted Name of the *Muſes*, with his impure blemiſhes of Art: let him ſing a Fool a Maſs, and tell me that his Life is untainted, though his Lines be lecherous: he is a mere Pander, a Bawd to all villany. The Veſſel being vented, and broach'd, tells the taſte what Liquor

iſſueth

issueth from it. But notwithstanding I confess, a pure, chaste, and undefiled Mind is not allured to sin by these pleasing Poetical baits: they are no incentives unto him; any-wise to make him be entangled in the nets of inveigling Venery; a stable mind can not be moved, or shaken with these blasts of vanity; it may say with *Lipsius* concerning *Petronius Arbiter*, *Joci ejus me delectant, urbanitas capit, cætera nec in animo, nec in moribus meis majorem relinquunt labem, quàm solet in flumine vestigium cymba.* His lively Conceit revives my drooping heart, his pleasant fair speech ravishes, and inchants me; for his Ribaldry, it leaves no more impression in my memory, then a floating barg is wont to leave behind in the stream. These are the words so near as I can call them to mind; but for most Natures they are prone to vice, and like the *Chamæleon*, ready to take a colour of every subject they are resident on.

7. An *Autolycan* Wit, is in our thred-bare humorous Cavalieroes, who, like chap-fallen Hackneys, feed at others rack, and manger: never once glutting their minds with the heavenly Ambrosia of Speculation, whose Brains are the very Brokers-shops of all ragged

ragged inventions; or rather their Heads be the Block-houſes of all caſt and out-caſt pieces of Poetry. Theſe be your *Pick-hatch* Curtezan wits, that merit (as one jeſts upon them) after their Deceaſe, to be carted in *Charles-wain*. They be termed not *laureat*, but Poets *loreat*, that are worthy to be jerk'd with the laſhes of the wittieſt *Epigrammatiſts*. Theſe are they, that, like to roving *Dunkirks*, or robbing Pirates, ſaily up and down in the Printer's Ocean, wafted to and fro with the inconſtant wind of an idle light brain; who (if any new Work, that is lately come out of Preſs, as a Bark under ſayl, fraught with any rich Merchandize, appear unto them) do play upon it oft with their ſilver pieces, board it incontinently, ranſack it of every rich Sentence, cull out all the witty Speeches they can find, appropriating them to their own uſe; to whom for their wit we will give ſuch an applauſe, as once *Homer* did unto *Autolycus*, who praiſed him highly,

—— κλεπτοσύνῃ θ' ὅρκῳτε. *Homer in his 8. Ilia.*

For cunning Theevery, and for ſetting a jolly acute accent upon an Oath.

The next is a *Chance-medly* Wit, which is in him, that utters a Conceit now and then, 8.

at Elephantes pariunt, and when he is delivered of it, as of a fair youngling, or rather a foul fondling, that broke out of the *Meninges* of his Brain, and snarled in pieces his *Pia Mater*, like a Viperous brood; he laughs, and kinckes like *Chrysippus*, when he saw an Ass eat figs; and sits upon hot Cockles till it be blaz'd abroad, and withal entreates his Neighbours to make Bonefires for his good hap, and causes all the Bells of the Parish to ring forth the peal of his own Fame, while their ears do chime, and tingle, for very anger, that hear him, and them.

9. The last kind of Wit is in the purest tempered body of all, that rich vein, that is mixed with true learning; whereof *Horace* speaks,

——*Ego nec studium sine divite vena,*
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium, alterius
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè. (*sic*

It is that Wit, wherein the nine Sisters of *Parnassus* do inhabit; the pure Quintessence of Wit indeed, that keeps a comely *decorum* in observing the Time, the Place, the Matter, the Subject, the Object, and every singular Circumstance; it is like *Aristotle's*

ἐγχύκλιος

ἀγχίνοια, which he defines to be ἐυστοχία ἐν τῷ ἀσχάτῳ χρόνῳ, ſudden as a flaſh of lightning to dazel the eyes of a wiſhed object, and yet premeditating in matters of moment, wherein gravity and ſageneſs is to be reſpected. This is a true wit, ever piſtol-proof, having a privy coat of Policy, and ſubtilty to ſhend it from all the intended ſtabbadoes of any acute Objecti niſt; it never wants variety in canvaſing any ſubject: yea, the more it utters, the more by far is ſuppeditated unto it: it's like the Vine, which the ofter it is pruned, the more cluſters of ſweet Grapes it will ever afford: it's like the ſeven-mouthed *Nilus*, which, the faſter it flowes in the chanel, the faſter ſtill it ſprings from the Head: I confeſs this Wit may be glutted too much with too much of any Object, and ſooner with an irkſome Object. As the Philoſopher ſaith, any ſurpaſſing Object depraves the ſenſe; ſo it may be ſpoken of Wit: the Noſe may be over-cloy'd with the fragranſt flowret in *Alcinous* his Garden, though it ſmell never ſo exactly; and more with ſmells hard by Port *Eſquiline*: the ſight may ſurfeit on fair *Nireus*, and quicklier with ſpul *Therſites*: the Appetite may be cloyed

with beautiful *Lais*, who was all Face; and more with *Mopſa*, who was all Lips: this pure Wit may ſurfeit on *Ambroſia* it ſelf, and ſooner on Cats-meat, and Dogs meat: and though it be like unto *Nilus* as the mouths of *Nilus*, ſo it alſo may be dam'd up, eſpecially with ſome groſs terreſtrial matter; and though it do much reſemble the Vine, as the Vine may be pruned too oft, ſo it alſo may be dull'd with too much Contemplation. This Wit diſdains, being ſo great, that any the greateſt things ſhould Empire over it: - flowing *Naſo's* Wit, no doubt, was more than coſin-German to this; who ſaid,

Ingenio namque ipſe meo valeo vigeòque,
Cæſar *in hoc potuit juris habere nihil.*

A demi-God's my Heavens-aſpiring Wit:
Cæſar, *only Man, could not baniſh it.*

The like high ſtrain of Wit was in *Lucian* and *Julian*, whoſe very Images are to be had in high repute for their ingenioſity, but to be ſpurn'd at for their grand impiety. And in many more, whoſe Works are without compare, and who do worthily

merit for this, if for nothing else, to be canoniz'd in the Registers of succeeding times; yea, to be characteriz'd, and engraven in the Golden Tablets of our Memories: *Pericles* (who was called the spring-head of Wit, the torrent of Eloquence, the *Syrene* of *Greece*) was endowed with this special Gift: he had a copious and an abundant faculty, by reason of this, in his delivery. Of whom *Julian* (whom I cannot too often mention) in a certain Epistle to *Proærisius*, speaking to him, thus sayes, I do salute thee, O *Proærisius*, a man I must needs confess so plentiful in speech, ὥσπερ οἱ ποταμοὶ ἐν τοῖς πεδίοις, like to the *Ægyptian* fields, *Pericli omnino similem eloquentiâ nisi quòd Græciam non permisceas*; altogether to be compared unto *Pericles* for thy admirable Eloquence, only this excepted, That thou canst not with thy flowing tongue set all *Greece* on an uproar. So *Angelus Politianus* in his *Miscellanies*: hath an excellent speech of *Pericles* in his praise, out of *Eupolis* his Comedy, which is entituled, Δῆμος, or *Tribus*,

Πειθὼ τις ἐκάθιζεν ἐπὶ τοῖς,
χείλεσι, καὶ ῥὴ τόρων μοῦνος κέντρον, &c.

The Goddeſs of Eloquence and Perſwaſion, was the Portreſs of his Mouth, or ſate in all pomp upon his Lips, as on her Royal Throne; he, among all the rout of cunning Rhetoricians, did let the Auditors bloud in the right vein, his words did move an after paſſion (ſaith he) in them. Many beſides had theſe excellent ſurpaſſing veins: of whom we may read, if we peruſe the Hiſtories, and other Writings of famous men. This Wit is ever a conſort with Judgment; yet often I confeſs the Judgment is depraved in Wit. For we muſt know, though *verum* and *falſum* be the objects of Underſtanding, every thing is not diſcerned, or underſtood according to theſe two, as they are properly either *verum*, or *falſum*; for the agent Underſtanding, conveying the *ſpecies* of any thing (as imagine of any ſubtile ſtratagem) unto the Paſſive, the Paſſive doth not alway judge of it accordingly; for, if they ſeem good, and true at firſt view, yet after we have demur'd upon them any ſpace of time, they are found neither true, nor good, but altoge her crude, and imperfect. For my cenſure of Wit without Judgment, it is like a flowing eddy, or high ſpring-tide without banks to limit the water. Theſe Wits are

ſuch

ſuch as *Lipſius* ſaith in his Politicks (as I remember) are the down fall and utter ruine of a well-ordered Common-wealth. He ſaith, that theſe, who are βραδεῖς, ſlow, and of a dull wit, do adminiſter a Common-wealth far more wiſely, than they, which are of a ſharper conceit: his reaſon is in a gradation. Theſe great wits are *igneæ*, of a fiery nature, fiery things are ever active in motion: Motion brings in Innovation, and Innovation is the ruine of a Kingdom. This is the ſenſe, though I cannot exactly remember the very words: but that, which I firſt aimed at, will I now ſpeak, By the excellency of the wit is commonly ſhadowed out the pureneſs of the temperature; for where there is a good wit, there is uſually ἀφὴ ἀκριβεστάτη, the ſenſe of Feeling moſt exact; a ſoft temperate fleſh, which indicate alſo an abundance of ſpirits, not turbulent and droſſy, but pure & refined, which alſo do ever inſinuate no leaden, but a golden temperature; theſe two are ordinarily inſeparable Complexions, And becauſe the ſpirits, both in regard of their copiouſneſs and ſubtilty, do make a ſweet harmony of the ſoul and body, and are the notes of a rare wit, and a good *craſis*: we mean now, to treat of them ſuccinctly.

CAP. VIII.

Of the Spirits.

THe Poets *Arachne* doth never weave her entangling Web near the Cypress tree. The Emblem is well known of the *Scarabee*, that lives in noysome Excrements, but dies in the middle of *Venus* Rose: so the Owl shuns the splendent raies of *Phœbus*, delighting more in the darksome night: the worst we see do ever affect the worst: our groveling base affections, our dull conceits, blindfolded ignorance, our aguish judgements, timorous cowardize, slowness and dulness in contemplation, our inability of invention, and whatsoever grand capital fomen to reason there be, do never take up their lodgings in any beautious Inn, I mean in a body happily attempered, where the Spirits are subtile, and of a pure constitution: but have their Mansion in a smoky Tenement, or some baser Cottage, that is, in a polluted, sickly, and corrupted body, which is both *Plethoricum*, *Pneumaphthiricum*, and *Cacochymicum*, where there is a fulness and repletion of infected and malignant humors, where the subtile

ſubtile Spirits be not only tainted, but even corrupted with puddle humors, with groſſer fuming vapours, whoſe pitchy company, the clear Cryſtalline and rarified Spirits can in no wiſe brook, as being diſturbers of their nobleſt actions. Theſe Spirits the more attenuated and purified they be, the more that cœleſtial particle of heavens, flame, our reaſon, that immoveable Pole-ſtar, by the which we ought to direct the wandring courſe of all our affections; yea, far more, it doth bear dominion, and ſhew forth her noble and ſurmounting excellency in this maſs of ours. The more abundant they are, all our internal Gifts are more inhanced, and flouriſh the more: where the Spirits are appa eled with their own nature, and not attired, or rather tired by any extraordinary ill means, which will never be accordant to their ſeemly decency; the Soul of man is, as it were, in a *Theſſalian Temple* of delight, which Grove for fair flouriſhing Meads, for the pleaſant ſhade of buſhy Pines, for purling Brooks, and gliding Streams of wholſom Water, for a ſweet odoriferous Air, for the melodious Harmony and chirping of vocal Birds, for the fragrancy of Medicinable Flowers, and Herbs, for all Pleaſures that might Feaſt, and

Delight the Senses, and draw the very Soul into an admiration of the place, of all other did surpass, as the *Topographer* makes mention. But now we mean to relate of the diversity of Spirits, both in general, and special acceptation:

Ælian.

1. A Spirit is taken for our Breath in respiration, as *Galen* sayes, in his first Prognostic. If (saith he) far from treatable, it implyes a pain, and an inflamation about the *diaphragma*. Tis often among the Poets taken for Wind, among the Philosophers for an abstract form, *pro Dæmone vel bono, vel malo*: it is used for a savour, and for lofty courage. In none of these senses we are to take it in this place; but for a subtile pure *aëry* substance in the body of man: and thus it may be defined, *Spiritus est subtilissima, aëria, dilucidaque substantia ex tenuissima parte sanguinis producta, cujus adminiculo proprios valeat anima producere actus.* A Spirit is a most subtile, aery, and lightsome substance, generated of the purest part of bloud, whereby the Soul can easily perform her functions in the Natural body. They have their Original and Off-spring from the Heart, not from the Brain, as some hold. For they being so pure, and elaborate into the nature

Ludovicus *Cæl. 2. lib. 3. cap. 3. Antiq. lecti.*

of

of air, cannot be generated in the brain, being by Nature cold, where nothing is product but that which is very vaporous. Again, *Cerebrum eſt exangue:* the Brain is bloodleſs, as it is evident by Anatomy, neither hath it any veins to make a conveyance for that humour: therefore it is moſt probable, that there where there is the intenſeſt heat to extract theſe Spirits from the blood, and to rarifie them, converting them into an aery ſubſtance, that from thence they ſhould have their efficient cauſe. For the Spirits in ſpecial, they be of three ſorts; Vital, Natural, and Animal: vital in the Heart, natural in the Liver, animal in the Brain. 1. Vital, becauſe they give power of motion and pulſion unto the Arteries; which motion any living Creature hath, ſo long as it hath a Being; and that being extinct, the life is alſo extinct. 2. Natural in the Liver, in that they yield hability of executing ſuch actions, as chiefly concern, not ζῶα, but ζωόφυτα, as Nutriment, and the generation of the like. 3. Animal in the Brain, and though the Spirits proceed from the Heart, yet are they diffuſed through the whole body in the Arteries, and Veins, and there in the Brain they are termed Animal, becauſe

becauſe they impart a faculty to the Nerves of ſenſe, and real motion, which are peculiar to every living Creature. The Conduits of the Spirits, are the Arteries and Veins: the Arteries carry much Spirit, and little Blood, and Veins much Blood, and little Spirit, yet are each of them the receptacle of both. For the cheriſhing and ſtirring up of the Spirits, theſe things enſuing are greatly available. Firſt, An illuminated pure Air, purged from all groſſer qualities. Secondly, A choice of fragrant Smells. Thirdly, Muſical Harmony, and Merriment, as *Ludovicus Cal. Rhodig.* doth write. A neceſſary Fourth may be annexed, that is Nutriment; for it rouzes up and lightens the Spirits: therefore the Philoſopher in his *Problems* ſaith, that *homo pranſus multò levior eſt, & agilior jejuno*: after meat a man is far more light and nimble then whilſt he is faſting. So a merry pleaſant man is more light than one that is ſad, and a man that is dead is far heavier than one alive. There be other things alſo very commodious, as intermiſſion of Meditation, a due regard of motion, that it be neither too vehement, and ſo conſume; or too ſlack, and ſo corrupt the Spirits. Now mean we to ſpeak in order of the Complexions.

CAP.

CAP. IX.

Of a Cholerick Complexion.

CHoler is termed of the Greek word χολὴ, of the Latines *bilis*; it is not only taken for the Humour, but sometimes for anger, as in *Theocritus*,

ἡ δριμεῖα χολὴ ὅτι ῥινὶ κάθηκε,

Bitter anger appeared in his face, or in his noſtrils. So the Latine word is as much as anger. *Plaut. Fames & mora bilem in naſum concinunt*: For anger firſt appears in the face, or noſe; therefore the *Hebrews* have the ſame word for *ira* and *naſus*, that is *aph* אף which is agreeable to that of *Theocritus*, aforementioned, and that of *Perſius*,

Ira cadit naſo, rugoſáque ſanna. Perſius Sat. 5.

So we ſay in our Engliſh Proverb, when a man is teiſty and anger, wrinckles his Noſe, *Such a man takes Pepper in the Noſe*; but yellow choler is an humour, contained in the hollow inferiour part of the Liver, which place

place is called χοληδόχος κύστις of *Galen*, whoſe form is long and ſomewhat round, ending with a *conus*, hard by the ſtem of the *vena cava*, which ſtrikes through the Liver from whence all the veines are derived through the whole body: it takes two ſlender veins from that ſtem, which makes this probable that the choler may infect the blood, and cauſe the *morbus ictericus*, or jaundice to diſperſe it ſelf over all the parts of the body. There is a double proceſſion, or way of choler, into the *duodenum*, and intrals downward, or into the ventricle upward, the evacuation is eaſie in the former, but difficult in the latter. If the lower paſſage be dam'd up with the thick ſediments of groſs choler, as oftentimes it cometh to paſs, then it aſcends into the ventricle, and there procures excretion, hinders the concoction, ever corrupts ſome part of the Nutriment (without a long Faſt) and takes away the ſtomach; yet others think that choler is generated in the ventricle alſo, that it is alſo a veſſel apt to receive it. This humour infects the veins, ſtirs up ſudden anger, generates a conſumption with his heat, ſhortens the Life by drying up the radical moiſture. *Ariſtotle*, and after him *Pliny*, with many more, do affirm,

Veſalius *lib. 5. ca. 8. de corporis humani fabrica.*

firm, that those men which want the vesicle of cholor, are both strong, and couragious, and live long. Yet *Vssalius* saith (although he imagins that there may be some conveyance of choler from the liver into the *duodenum*, so that it do not before gather into a vesicle) he could find by experience none such hitherto. Many things there be, which cause this maladious humour to accrue to such a measure, that it will be ἀνίατόν τι, an *incurable thing*, among which we will note some. All fat of meats, saith *Galen*, and such as are burnt, are both hard to concoct, having no sweet juyce, and do greatly increase the cholerick humour, for the acrimony which is in them. All kind of *Olera*, or salt meats, are not only ill for this complexion, but almost for all, as all the Physitians do affirm. And *Athenaeus* to this purpose saith, λαχάνων καὶ, &c. All kind of Pot-herbs, and brinish-natur'd meats are obnoxious to the stomach, being of a gnawing, nipping, and pinceing quality. Again, *dulce vinum non est idoneum picrocholis*, sweet Wine is not wholesome for cholerick Complexions, as *Hippocrates* witnesses. They are called *picrocholi*, who have a redundance of yellow bitter choler. *Antinous* no doubt did partly for

Galen in lib. Hippoc. de vict. rat. in morb. acutis, com. 4 lect. 102.

Athen. 3. Deipnol.

for this dissvade *Ulysses* from drinking sweet Wine:

Odyss. 5. ——— Οἶνος σε τρώει μελιηδής.

But howsoever, this sweet Wine doth not only ἐκλύειν τὴν σχὺν and ἄπο γυιῶν, as the same *Homer* speaks *Iliad.* Ξ. as also *Athenæus* notes *lib* 1. *Deipnos.* but also is a great generator of choler: (yea, all sweet meats are nurses of this humour, honey especially is cholerick) For sweet Wines, this is *Galen's* reason, First that much calidity doth make bitter these sweet humours; and again because such Wines be usually thick, neither can they speedily pass by the *Ureteres* into the bladder: whereby it comes to pass that they do not cleanse Choler in their passage, but rather increase the power of it; such Wines be *Theræum, Scybelites*: much sweet, thick, and black, as *Galen* calls them. Again, too violent and much motion is not good for this Complexion. As *Galen* also saith, Much eating is also dangerful for this Humour: Then all things, that do dry up the moisture in the body, as Watching, and Care &c. *Vigilantia maximè exiccat corpus*, saith *Galen*. So doth Care even consume and burn

Galen in the Book afore mentioned, com. 24 sect. 1

Gal lib. 2. de sanitate tuenda.

Gal. lib 7. 6 therapeut. method.

burn the body: *Cura* therefore is called *quaſi cor urens.*

To theſe I may aſſociate & joyn our adulterate *Nicotian*, or *Tobacco*, ſo called of the Knight Sr *Nicot* that firſt brought it over; which is the ſpirit's *Incubus*, that begets many ugly & deformed phantaſies in the brain, which being alſo hot and dry in the ſecond, extenuates and makes meager the body extraordinarily, whereof it may be expected, that I at this inſtant ſo wel-occaſioned ſhould write ſomething, and ſure not impertinent to the ſubject we have now in hand. This then in brief I will relate concerning it. Of its own nature, not ſophiſticated, it cannot be but a ſovereign Leaf, as *Monardus* ſaith, eſpecially for external Maladious Ulcers: and ſo in his Simple it is for *cacochymical* bodies, and for the Conſumption of the Lungs & Phtiſick, if it be mixed with Coltsfoot dried, as it hath been often experienced. But as it is intoxicated and tainted with bad admixture, I muſt anſwer, as our learned *Paracelſian* did, of whom my ſelf did demand, Whether a man might take it without impeachment to his health? who replied, As it is uſed, it muſt needs be very pernicious

nicious in regard of the immoderate and too ordinary whiff, eſpecially in reſpect of the taint it receives by Compoſition, For, ſaith he, I grant it will evacuate the ſtomach, and purge the head for the preſent of many feculent and noiſome humours; but after by his attractive vertue it proveth *Cacias humorum*, leaving two ponds of water (as he termed them) behind it, which are converted into Choler, one in the ventricle, another in the brain; which accords with that of *Gerard* their Herbaliſt, in his ſecond Book of Plants, cap. 63. of *Tobacco*, or *Henbane*, of *Peru* and *Trinidada*, for he affirmeth that it doth indeed evacuate and eaſe one day, but the next it doth generate a greater flow of humours: even as a Well (ſaith he) yields not ſuch ſtore of water as when it is moſt drawn and emptied.

Ger. lib. 2. of Plants, cap. 63.

Again, it is moſt obnexious of all to a ſpare and extenuated body, by reaſon of ſetting open the pores, into which cold doth enter: and we know, as *Tully* ſayes, *lib.* 16. *ep.* 403. citing the Poet, *Cujus ſinguli verſus ſunt illi ſingula teſtimonia*, every of whoſe particular Verſes is to him *Axiomatical*, as he ſayes, Ψύχος ἡ λεπτὸν χρῶτι πολεμιώτατον, that is, Cold is a bane and deadly enemy to a thin

a thin and ſpare body. And ſince that Phyſick is not to be uſed as a continual aliement, but as an adjument of drooping nature at an extremity; and beſide, that ſeeing every naſty and baſe *Tygellus* uſe the pipe, as infants their Corals, ever in their mouths; and many beſides of more note, and eſteem, take it more for wantonneſs, than want, as *Gerard* ſpeaks, I could wiſh that our generous Spirits could pretermit the too uſual, not omitting the Phyſical drinking of it. I would treat more copiouſly of it, but that many others, chiefly *Gerard* and *Monardus* in his Book entituled, the *Joyful News out of the new-found World*, or *Weſt-Indies*, which *Frampton* tranſlated, have eaſed me of that labour, ſo that I may abridge my ſpeech.

Choler is two fold; either Natural, or not Natural. The natural choler is twofold, either that, which is apt for Nutrition, as of thoſe parts, which be proportionable unto it in qualities hot and dry, and this is diſperſed into the veins, and flows throughout the whole body m xed with blood: the other is excremental, unfit to nouriſh, which, purged as a ſuperfluous humour from the blood, is received into the veſicle, or veſſel, and bladder, that is the receptacle of Choler,

entermed the Gall. And this uſually, when the veſſel is ſurcharged, diſtils from thence into the *duodenum* firſt, then into the other intrals, &c. that which is not natural of four ſorts, λεκιθώδης, πρασοειδὴς, ὑδατώδης, ἰώδης. The firſt is *vitellina bilis*, of the colour of an egg-yolk, generated of paler choler, overheated with the acrimony of unnatural calidity. The ſecond is *porracea*, of a leeky nature, or green colour. The third *cærulea*, of a blewiſh, or azure colour. The laſt *æruginoſa*, of a ruſty colour. And all theſe be generated in the ventricle, by ſharp, tart, and ſweet Nutriments, as Leeks, Muſtard, burnt Meats, Honey; ſo fat Meats, and all ſuch as engender noyſomneſs upon the Stomach. Whereupon comes our common Diſeaſe, called καρδιαλγία. for ſorrow, and vehement exerciſe, cauſe the yellow choler to flow in the ventricle, by which men being griped, and pinched with pain within, do labour of this evil, which indeed hath a wrong name given it; for it is only an affection or paſſion of the orifice of the ventricle, the mouth of the ſtomach, not of the heart, as *Galen* witneſſeth. Now to diſcern a man of a cholerick Complexion, he is always either orange, or yellow-viſag'd, becauſe he is moſt inclined

Per. calls it Vitreabilis

Ga. de Hiſt. & Pla. decretis lib. 2. cap. 8.

inclined to the yellow jaundice: or a little ſwarthy, re-dhair'd, or of a browniſh colour; very meager and thin, ſoon provok'd to anger, and ſoon appeaſed; not like the ſtone *Asbeſtos*, which once being hot, cannot be quenched: he is lean-fac'd, and ſlender bodied, like *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. He is according to his predominate element of fire, which is moſt full of levity, moſt inconſtant, and variable in his determinations, eaſily diſliking that which he before approved: and, of all Natures, in that this Complexion is counted to ſurpaſs, is the Cholerick man, for changeableneſs is reputed among the wiſe to be moſt undiſcreet and unwiſe. And indeed mutableneſs and inconſtancy are the intimates & badges, whereby fools are known.

Εὐφρονέων τετράγωνος, ἀφρονὴς πλίνθος ὣς ἔχει.

Wiſe men be like unto quadrangled ſtones,
But fools (like turning Globes) are fickle ones.

And, if at any time he prove conſtant and ſtedfaſt, it is as Fortune is——*Conſtans in levitate ſua*, ſtable in his inſtability. Let us now deſcend from *Fire*, to *Air*.

CAP. X.

Of a Sanguine Temperature.

THe purple Roſe, whoſe high Encomium that witty Poëtreſs *Sappho* in a ſweet *Ode* once ſang, did not merit to be adorn'd with ſuch beautious titles of words, to be limn'd out in ſo lively colours of Rhetorick, nor to be inveſted with ſuch a gorgeous and gallant ſuit of Poetry, as this golden *craſis*, this happy Temperature, and choice Complexion, this Sanguine humour, is worthy of a *Panegyrical* tongue, to be limn'd out with the hand of Art it ſelf. *Sappho* thus ſpeaketh of the Roſe,

Εἰ τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ἤθελεν ὁ ζεὺς
Ε' πθεῖναι βασιλέα, τὸ ῥόδον
Α'νθῶν ἀνθέων ἐβασίλευε:
Ἰῆς γὰρ κόσμος, φυτῶν ἀγλάϊσμα,
Ὀφθαλμὸς ἀνθέων, &c.

Which we may turn, and change for our uſe on this manner; If there were a Monarch, or Prince to be Conſtituted over all Temperatures, this purple ſanguine Complexion

plexion ſhould, no doubt, aſpire to that high preheminence of bearing Rule. For this is the Ornament of the Body, the Pride of Humours, the paragon of Complexions, the Prince of all Temperatures; for blood is the Oyl of the Lamp of our Life. If we do but view the Princely Scarlet Robes he uſually is inveſted with, his Kingly Throne ſeated in the midſt of our Earthly City, like the Sun amidſt the wandring Planets: his Officers (I mean the Veins, and Arteries) which are ſpread throughout this whole *Politeia*; yea, diſperſ'd in every Angle to execute his Commands, and carry the lively influence of his Goodneſs, reviving thoſe Remote parts, which without his influence would otherwiſe be frettiſh'd with a chilneſs, and in a ſhort time be mortified: If we do but caſt our eyes upon theſe glorious Manſions, the ſumptious Palaces, wherein he doth inhabit, the *Dædalian* coſtly Labyrinths, wherein he takes his turns: If we conſider his wiſe ſubtile Counſellours, which daily conſort with him for the good eſtate of his whole Kingdom, the *limpid* Spirits, the very Seat of divine Reaſon it ſelf, the Fountains of Policy: If we mark this, that his departing is the procurer of a Civil Muti-

ny and Diſſention between our Soul and Body; and that his meer Abſence brings in a Diſſolution of our Temperate Political State: If we weigh his excellent Qualities he is endowed with, wherein conſiſts the Union of the parts of the whole, I mean heat, and moiſture: If we note his delicate viand, his delicious fare he feeds upon in his purity; his Majeſty in aſpiring ſo high, his Humility in, as it were, debaſing himſelf ſo low, as to take notice of his loweſt Subjects, the moſt inferiour part, to kiſs even our Toe (as it is in their Poverb) to do us good: If we note the mighty Potentates, that Rebel and wage War againſt him, to ruinate his Kingdom: as *Acraſia*, *Angor*, *Inedia*: all incontinence, and intemperance of *Bacchus*, *Ceres*, and *Venus*, *Care*, *Famine*, and the like: If we poize all theſe together, & many more, we cannot but imagine that the blood is either a cœleſtial Majeſty, or a terreſtrial Deity, that among all the Humours it doth far excel all; and that he, who is poſſeſſed with a Sanguine pure Complexion, is graced with the princelieſt and beſt of all. For the external Habit of the Body, for rare feature they go beyond all, that have this temper, being moſt deck'd with Beauty, which

conſiſts

consists in a sweet mixture of these two colours, white and red; and for the gifts of the Mind, it is apparent likewise to our understanding, that they do surpass all, having such pure tempered and refined spirits: neither do I think, that either Melancholick men, according to *Aristotle*, or Cholerick men, according to the opinion of *Petrus Crinitus*, are enriched with a greater treasury of wit; for if the Soul do follow the temperature of the Body, as certainly it doth, they then must needs excel for invention, who have this best Complexion. Their spirits sure have the most exact temper of all, wherewith the soul, as being in a paradise, is chiefly delighted. Among all the Humours, the Sanguine is to be prefer'd, saith the *Antiquary*: *Calius Rhodiginus*

First, Because it comes nearest unto the Principles and Ground-works of our life, which stands in an attempered heat and moisture.

Secondly, Because it is the matter of the spirits, whereon chiefly depends our life, the operation of our vegetative and animal vertue, yea, it is the chief Instrument, wherewith our reasonable soul doth operate: for this is the Philosopher's *Climax*. In the Ele-

ments consists the Body; in the Body the Blood; in the Blood the Spirits; in the Spirits the Soul.

Thirdly, Because it is a Nutriment for all and singular parts of what Qualities soever. It is termed in *Hebrew* דם *Sanguis* for his Nutrition; and sure it is, as it were, the Dam, or Nurse, from whose Teats the whole Body doth suck our, and draw Life.

Fourthly, in that, this Humour being spent, our Life also must needs vanish away: therefore some Philosophers, as it is well known to the Learned, did not only surmise, but constantly aver that the Soul was Blood; because, it being effused, the Soul also doth flit from the Body: but that was a mad Dream; and no doubt if the sound of Judgment had awoke them, they would have confessed themselves to have been enwrapped in a cloudy Error. They also, that affirm men of this Constitution to be Dullards, and Fools, to have a pound of Folly to an ounce of Policy; they themselves do seem not to have so much as a dram of Discretion, and do err the whole Heavens. I confess a Sanguine Complexion may be so, as any other in their Dyscrasie; yet not as it is a pure Sanguine Complexion, but as there is mixed

with

with the Blood either the groſs ſediments of Melancholy, or the *lenta materies pituitæ*, tough Phlegm, when the Blood is overheated by reaſon of hot Choler, or any other accidentary Cauſe, that generates a ſurpluſſage of Blood, or endues the Spirits with a groſneſs, and too hot a Quality, more then their Nature can well ſuſtain with keeping their Perfection, and Purity.

From whence the Blood hath his original, it is apparently known, eſpecially to them, which are skild in the Autopſie of Anatomy. The Seat, or Fountain head of it is *vena cava*, a great hollow Vein, which ſtrikes through the Liver, from whence it is conveyed by many Ciſterns, Paſſages, and Conduit Pipes, throughout the whole Body: like Spraies and Branches from the Stem of a Tree. It hath his Eſſence from the *chymus*, or juyce of our Aliment concocted: his Redneſs is cauſed by the vertue of the Liver, aſſimilating it unto his own colour.

To ſpeak more of the External Habit, and demeanour of man, that hath this Complexion. He ever hath an Amiable look, a flouriſhing freſh Viſage, a beautiful Colour; which, as the Poet ſaith, doth greatly commend one, if all other things be wanting.

Nec

Nec minor his aderat sublimis gratia formæ,
Quæ vel, si desint cætera cuncta, placet.

Cornelius Gallus of himself.

With Vertues grac'd full debonair was I,
Which (all defac'd) more highly dignifie.

They, that are of this Complexion, are very affable in Speech, and have a gracious faculty in their Delivery; much addicted to witty Conceits, to a Scholer-like εὐτραπελία, being *Facetosi*, not *Acetosi*: Quipping without bitter Taunting: hardly taking any thing in Dodgeon, except they be greatly moved, with Disgrace especially: wisely seeming either to take a thing sometimes more offensively, or less grievously then they do, cloaking their true Passion: They be liberally Minded; they carry a constant loving Affection to them chiefly, unto whom they be endeared, and with whom they are intimate, and chained in the links of true Amity, never giving over, till Death, such a converst Friend, except on a capital Discontent: They are very Hairy: their Head is commonly Aborn, or Amber-coloured, so their Beards: they are much delighted with a Musical Consent, and Harmony, having so sweet a Sympathy themselves of Soul and Body.

Body. And, but for one fault they are tainted with, they might well be termed *Heroes hominum*, and that is (by reason of that lively abounding Humour) they are somewhat prone to Venery, which greatly alters their blessed state of Constitution, drinks up their *humidum radicale*, enfeebleth the divinest Power, consumes their Pith, and spends the Substance of the Brain; for *Sperma* is ῥοὴ ἐγκεφάλου, as many Philosophers, not without great Reason, assevere: not *ter concoctus sanguis*; therefore, as *Macrobius* saith, *Hippocrates* calls τὴν ἀφροδίσιον, μικρὰν ἐπιληψίαν, that *coitus est parvus morbus comitialis*. And but for this they were supereminent above all men; but their rare Qualities, and admirable Vertues, do more then counterpoize this Natural fault. For his Resolution, he is like the Center, immoveable, never carried away with the heady stream of any base Affection, but lies at the Anchor of Confidence, and Boldness. He is never lightly variable; but, being proudly harnest with a steely Heart, he will run upon the push of great Danger: yea, hazard his Life against all the affronts of Death it self: if it stand either with the Honour of his Sovereign, the Welfare and Quiet of his own Country, the after Fame and

Stillicid. cerebri. *Macrobius.* *lib. Saturnal.* *at the end.*

and Renown of himſelf; elſe is he chary and wary to lay himſelf open to any Danger, if the Finall end of his Endeavour and Toyl be not plauſible in his demurring Judgement.

CAp. XI.

Of the Phlegmatick Humour.

THis Humour is called of the *Graecians* φλέγμα, & of the *Latines* uſually *Pituita*, which, as *Aetius* noteth, is ſo termed *quaſi petens vitam*, by reaſon of the extreme cold moiſture it hath, being correſpondent to the Watry Element, whereby it doth extinguiſh the Natural Heat in man: and, being carried with the Blood, by his groſs ſubſtance doth thicken it, and ſtop the Currents and Paſſages of the Blood, at leaſt doth taint it with a contrary paſſive and deſtructive Quality. Yet of all the Humours the Phyſicians ſay, and it is not improbable, this cometh neareſt unto the beſt; for it is a dulcid Humour, which being concocted, is changed into the Eſſence of Blood, and ſerves eſpecially for the Nutriment of the Phleg-

phlegmatick parts, as the Brain, the *Nucha*, or ſoft Pap & Marrow of the Cheints Bone; but this is Natural: Which of all theſe Humors doth ſooneſt digreſs into another groſs cold Nature, which will in proceſs of time prove that pernicious Humour, whereof *Ætius* ſpeaks; there is then to be noted, *Phlegma Naturale*, whereof we ſpoke even now, and *non Naturale*, of which theſe proceed, *Phlegma.* 1 *Craſſum*, 2 *Gypſeum*, 3 *Salſum*, 4 *Aceroſum*, 5 *Tenue*, and ſome others. For the firſt; that, which is thick, is a crude ſubſtance by multiplication in the Ventricle, the Bowels, or the Brain, or the Blood; whereof *Hippocrates* adviſeth men to evacuate themſelves by Vomit every Month, in his Book, *De victus Ratione Privatorum*. But for the Bowels, it needs not ſo much as for the Brain and Ventricle; for Nature hath ſo ordained, that the yellow Choler, that flows from the Gall into the *duodenum*, ſhould purge the Entrails, and waſh away theſe Phlegmatick ſuperfluities; and this in time will turn to the nature of *Gypſeum phlegma*, which is of a ſlimier, and in time of a more obdurate Nature, inſomuch that it will grow as hard as a Plaiſter with long remaining in one place, like Fen-water, that

turns

turns into the nature of Mud: and this is it that stays in the Joynts, and causeth the incurable knotty Gout; whereof the *Poet* speaks,

Solvere nodosam nescit medicina podagram,
Nec formidatis auxiliatur aquis.

Ovid. Pomo lib. 1.

This was also in a Woman, whereof *Cœli. Rhodiginus* makes mention: I read (saith he) among the Learned of a certain kind of Phlegm, like unto Plaister, bruised into Water, which in a short space (abiding in the Joynts of the Members) grows as hard as Plaister-stone it self. We have (saith he) an Example of a Woman, which was grievously vexed with an Itch, in the Spondles or Joynts of the Back-bone, and Reins; which she rubbing very vehemently, and racing the skin, small mammocks of Stone fell from her, to the number of eighteen, of the bigness of Dice, and the colour of Plaister.

Cœlius Rhodiginus. cap. 12.

3 There is *Salsum*, of a Saltish Nature by the admixtion of brackish Humors, and of Choler, which being in the Ventricle, causeth an Hydropical thirst, and somewhat excoriates the Entrals. *Plato*, in his *Timæus*, speaketh of this φλέγμα δὲ, &c. For Phlegm being by Nature

Nature sharp, and of a brinish Nature, is the off-spring of all Diseases, which consists of a fluxile Humour, and, according to the diversity of Palces, whither this brackish Humor doth insinuate it self, the Body is teen'd and accloi'd with divers and manifold Maladies. So *Hippocrates* speaks of this, τὸ δὲ φλέγμα δρίμεσι χυμοῖσι μεμίγμενον ὅποι ἂν προσπέσῃ ἐς ἀηθέας τόπους, ἕλκοι. Bitter and Salt Phlegm, wheresoever it falls, into unwonted places, it doth exulcerate. There is also *Acetosum Phlegma*, sharp, and tart, which almost is of the same Nature with the former, caused chiefly of the mixture of Melancholy, endued with the same quality. The last is called *Tenue*, which is very Waterish, and thin of Substance, which we ordinarily term Rheum; which comes of the word ῥέω, *to flow*. There be Three kinds of it; the First is called *Branchus*, which hath his current from the Head into the Jaws. The Second is called *Coriza*, or βλέννα, which runs from the Nostrils; we call it the *Pose*, thereupon *blennus* is used for a Fool, *Homo obesæ naris*: as contrariwise, *Homo emunctæ naris*, for a Wise man. The last is called *Catarrhus*, of κάτω and ῥίτ, whose matter hath the passage downward into the *Aspera arte-*

Hippocra. lib. de flatibus.

4]

5

nia,

ria, the Breaſt, and the rooms, that are contiguous, which uſually is a cauſe of the Cough. For the Humors make Oppilation in the Lungs, and ſtop the Pores, whence our breathing Air doth evaporate, and whither it being drawn in doth pierce, and betake it ſelf, thereupon there is made a reſultation and a ſtrugling with the Humor, and the Air, which cauſeth the Cough: though it may happen alſo, the cauſe being in the *Aſpera Arteria*, as it is well known to them, that are but Initiated in PHYSICK: Though *Hippocrates* ſeems to ſay, All Cough breeds in the mid-way of the Artery, not in the Lungs. Theſe are his words; "For "the Spirit, which we attract (ſaith he) is "carried to the Lungs, and is ſent back by "an ἔκπνοη, or *regurgitation*; and when "the Rheum diſtilling down doth meet the "Spirit aſcending in the Artery, the Cough "is cauſed, and the Phlegmatick matter "caſt up, which cauſeth an Exaſperation in "the Artery by the Humor, which lies in the "Internal hollowneſs of the extuberances of "our Artery; which cauſeth a great Heat to "be ingendered there by the Coughing mo-"tion, which Heat draws a ſuccedent "Phlegm, from the Brain, ſtill more pro-"curing

Hippoc. in his book de flatibus Sect. 3.

ecuring an extream Cough. All Phlegm is generated of Crudity, though it do attract some bad accidentary Quality, whereof it hath the Denomination: and the Physicians are of that opinion, that natural Phlegm concocted will turn to Bloud. *Suidas* saith of it, φλέγμα οὐγίνεται προῶτον ἀπὸ τῆς τροφῆς: προῶτον γὰρ ἀπὸ τροφῆς τὸ αἷμα, τὸ δὲ φλέγμα προῶτον τῶν ἀπέπτων Phlegm is not engendered the first after Meat, but the first after our Aliment is Bloud; Phlegm is the first after incoction. For the place, or receptacle of Phlegm, it is not determinate; but it is evident that it hath his mansion in the Brain, and the Ventricle, and the Bloud. Where, in the first, if it be not evacuated in time, but still be suffered to accrue, and clung together, it will breed a *Dysodia*, and will endanger the whole Nature, by damning up the Pores of the Brain, and there generating an *Epilepsie*, *Apoplexie*, *Lethargie*, *Vertigo*, or any such Disease, that proceeds from such cold Qualities and bad Humors, which *Fucshius* speaks of at large; As also for the latter in the Ventricle and Bloud, if it be not Purged forth, it will grow to such a pass, that most of our Nourishment will be converted into Phlegm, our Veins will be possessed with a clammy

Suidas.

Leon: Fucshius de san and mal. hum. corp. 19. 21. 26. 28. 29.

Humor, which may hinder the courſe of the Bloud, corrupting the Spirits, and bringing a mortifying Cold over all the Body: or it will grow in the Ventricle to ſuch a maſs, that it will at the receit of any hot Moiſture ſend up ſuch an aſcending Foam, that it will be ready to quirken, and ſtifle us. Inſtance might be given of many that have been troubled with the matter of it above meaſure. One lately was ſo cloyed with this Humor, that as he ſate in his Chair he was ſuddenly ſurpriſed of the ſurging Foam, who ſwooned as he ſate; and having Oyl of Cinnamon (which is a ſovereign Help for it) miniſtred unto him, at the length came to himſelf by the Heat of the Oyl, which revived him, and voided great abundance of roped Phlegm by the looſening virtue of the ſame. For the intimates of this Complexion, they by Nature are always pale Coloured; ſlow Pac'd; drowſie Headed; of a weak Conſtitution, for the debility of Natural Heat; they be alwayes dull of Conceit, of no quick Apprehenſion, faint-Hearted, moſt ſubject to Impoſtumes; milde of Nature, ſeldom incenſed with Anger; vexed much with wrinching and griping in the Bowels, ſore tormented with the grievous pain of the Wind-Cholick.

CAP.

CAP. XII.

Of a Melancholick Complexion.

THe Melancholick man is ſaid of the Wiſe to be *aut Deus, aut Dæmon*; either an Angel of Heaven, or a Fiend of Hell. For in whom ſoever this Humor hath dominion, the Soul is either wrap'd up into an *Elyſium*, and Paradiſe of bliſs, by an Heavenly Contemplation; or into a direful helliſh Purgatory, by a Cynical Meditation: like unto an huge Veſſel on the rowling Sea, that is either hois'd up to the Ridge of a main Billow, or eſt hurried down to the Bottom of the Sea valley. A man is ever lightly caſt into a Trance, or dead ſlumber of Cogitations, by reaſon of this ſad heavy Humor, always *Stoically* viſaged, like Grout-headed *Arceſilaus*, and them of whom the *Poet* ſpeaks,

——*Ærumnoſique* Solones
Obſtipo capite, & figentes lumine terram,
Murmura cum ſecũ & rabioſa ſilentia rodũt;
Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello:
Ægroti veteris meditantes ſomnia, gigni
De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil poſſe reverti.

Perſius

Like pumpion-headed Soloniſts *they look,*
The dull Earth is their Contemplation-Book:
They madly murmur in themſelves for routh,
They heave their Words with leavers from their mouth:
They muſing dreã on th' antick Axiom,
Nought's fram'd of nought, to nought ne ought may come.

Of all the Four this Humor is the moſt unfortunate, and greateſt enemy to Life, becauſe his Qualities, being Cold and Dry, do moſt of all diſagree from the lively Qualities, Heat and Moiſture: either with his Coldneſs extinguiſhing Natural inherent Heat, or with his Drineſs ſucking up the Native Moiſture. The Melancholick man therefore is ſaid to be Born under leaden *Saturn*, the moſt Diſaſtrous and Malignant *Planet* of all; who in his Copulation and Conjunction with the beſt, doth dull and obſcure the beſt Influence, and happieſt Conſtellation. Whoſe Qualities the Melancholick man is endowed with, being himſelf Leaden, Lumpiſh, of an extream Cold and Dry Nature, which cuts in twain the Thred of his Life, long before it be Spun: Inſomuch that he may rightly ſay with *Hecuba*, though ſhe ſpoke of a living Death,

Euripid. in his Hecuba.

Τέθνηκ',

Τέθνηκ' ἐγὼ πρὶν θανεῖν:

I am Dead before the appointed time of Death. For this Humor if it be not oft helped with Mirth, or Wine, or ſome other occidental Cauſe, which is repugnant to his Effect, it will cauſe Nature to droop, and the Flower of our Life to fade in the budding prime; theſe means to cheriſh, foſter and prolong our Life, are like the Rayes of the Sun, to raiſe and lift up the *Hyacinth*, or Violet being patted down to the Earth with ſuddain drops of Rain, whereof the *Poet* ſpeaks,

Qualis Flos Violæ ſeu purpurei Hyacinthi
Demittit preſſas rore vel imbre genas,
Moxque idem radiis Solis *tepefactus amici*
Attollit multo lætus honore caput, &c.

Like as the Hyacinth with purple hew (dew,
Hangs down his head, o're-drench'd with ſilver
And eft whẽ Sol *has drunk up th'drizling rain,*
With ſmiling chear 'gins look full pert again.

Even ſo the Soul being preſſed down with the ponderous weight of Melancholy, & as it

were a thrall unto this dumpish Humor, is rouzed up with Wine and Meriment especially, and infranchiz'd again into a more ample and heavenly Freedom of Contemplation. This Humor is termed of many, πάθος ἡρωικόν, as of *Aulus Gellius*, so of *Cælius Rhodig* and others, who aver, That those that are born under *Saturn*, Melancholick men, as *Saturn* is the highest *Planet* of all, so they have the most aspiring Wits of all. Divine *Plato* affirms, That those have most dexterical Wits who are wont to be stir'd up with a Heavenly fury: he sayes, *Frustra poeticas fores, &c.* He that knocks not at the Portal of *Poets Inn*, as furious and beside himself, is never like to be admitted in. A man must not, with the Fool in the Fable, rap at the Wicket with the Six-penny Nail of Modesty, if he mean to have Entrance into the curious Rooms of Invention. *Seneca* saith, *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ*, Wit never relishes well, unless it taste of a mad Humor; or there is never any surpassing Wit, which is not incited with fury: Now of all Complexions, Melancholy is *Oestro percita, furore concitata*, most subject to furious Fits; whereby they conclude, That Melancholick men are endowed with the

Aul. Gellius lib. 18. cap. 7. Noc. Attic. Cæl. Rodig 17. 5.

rarest

rareſt Wits of all: But how ſhallow this their reaſon is, he that hath waded into any depth of Reaſon may eaſily diſcern. They might prove an Aſs alſo of all other Creatures moſt Melancholick, and which will bray as if he were horn-mad, to be exceeding witty, they might ſay this as well, That becauſe *Saturn* is the ſloweſt *Planet* of all, ſo their Wits are the ſloweſt of all; I confeſs this, That oftentimes the Melancholick man, by his Contemplative Faculty, by his Aſſiduity of ſad and ſerious Meditation, is a brocher of dangerous *Machiavelliſm*, an inventor of Stratagems, Quirks, and Policies, which were never put in Practiſe; and which may have a happy Succeſs, in a Kingdom, in Military Affairs by Land, in Navigation upon the Sea, or in any other private peculiar Place; but for a nimble, dexterical, ſmirk, pregnant, extemporary Invention, for a ſudden ἀγχίνοια, a pleaſant Conceit, a Comical Jeſt, a witty Bourd, for a ſmug neat Stile, for delightſome Sentences, varniſh'd Phraſes, quaint and gorgeous Eloqution, for an aſtounding Rhetorical vein, for a lively Grace in Delivery, he can never be equivalent with a Sanguine Complexion, which is the Paragon of all, if it go not aſtray from his

own right temper, and happy *Craſis*; nay, the former muſt not ſo much as ſtand at the Bar, when the latter with great Applauſe can enter into the Liſts. He that wiſhes this Humor, whereby he might become more Witty, is as fond as *Democritus*, who put out both his Eyes voluntarily, to be given more to Contemplation. Of all men, we count a Melancholick man the very Spunge of all ſad Humors, the *Aqua fortis* of merry Company, a Thumb under the Girdle, the Contemplative Slumberer, that ſleeps waking, &c. But according to Phyſick, there are Two kinds of Melancholy; the One ſequeſtred from all Admixtion, the thickeſt and drieſt portion of Bloud, not Aduſt, which is called Natural, and runs in the Veſſels of Bloud to be an Aliment unto the Parts, which are Melancholickly Qualified, as the Bones, Griſles, Sinews, &c. The Other is κατακεκαυμένη μελαγχολία, which is a Combuſt black Choler, mixed with Saltiſh Phlegmatick Humor, or Cholerick, or the worſt Sanguine. If you deſire to know this Complexion by their Habit and Guiſe; they are of a black ſwarthy Viſage, dull Pac'd, ſad Countenanced, harbouring Hatred long in their Breaſts, hardly incenſed with Anger; and if Angry, long

Cæl. Rhod. lib. 57. cap. 5.

long ere this passion be appeased and mitigated, crafty Headed, constant in their Determination, fixing their Eyes usually on the Earth, while a man recites a Tale unto them, they will pick their Face, bite their Thumbs, their Ears will be sojourners; like *Cleomenes* in *Plutarch*, *Animus est in Peloponneso*, their Wit is a Wool-gathering; for Laughing they be like almost to *Anaxagoras*, of whom *Ælian* says πώ ποτ' ἐγέλασε, he never laugh'd; they be much given to a solemn Monastick life, never wel-nigh delighted with Consort; very subject to passions, having a drop of Words, and a floud of Cogitations, using that of *Pythagoras*, μὴ ἐν πολλοῖς ὀλίγα, ἀλλ' ἐν ὀλίγοις πολλά: they are cold in their external parts, of a kind nature to them, with whom they have long convers'd; and though they seem for some dislike to alienate their minds from their Friend, yet are they constant in Affection.

But for the first kind of Melancholy, it is ever the worthier and better. This they call the Electuary and Cordial of the Mind, a restorative Conservice of the Memory, the Nurse of Contemplation, the pretious balm of Wit and Policy; the enthusiastical breath

of

of Poetry, the foyson of our Phantasies, the sweet sleep of our Senses, the fountain of sage Advice and good Purveyance; and yet, for all this, it comes far behind the pure sanguine Complexion. Neither do I think it is to be adorned with these habiliments of Words, and pranck'd up with such glorious Titles as usually it is, of whom we do usually treat of it. For the latter, it causeth men to be aliened from the Nature of man, and wholly to discard themselves from all society, but rather like Hermits, and old Anchorits, to live in Grots, Caves, and other hidden Cels of the Earth. The first may be compared to an Eagle, *Quæ altissimè volat: sed tardissimè se elevat*; which soareth high, but is long ere she can raise up her self. To *Oedipus*, of whom *Euripides* saith,

Ὅδ' εἴρπ' ἄναυδος, μεγαφρονῶν.

So this Melancholy causeth one look to be on Earth creeping, yet their Minds soaring aloft in Heaven. The later to *Rufus* in *Ausonius*, (the fond Rhetorician) of whom the Poet speaks that there was no difference between himself and the stone statue, but that it was harder, and he softer.

Unum

Unum hoc diſſimile eſt, mollior ille fuit. *Auſon*

Or to *Niobe*, when ſhe was converted into a Marble Image by *Latona*; for he that is poſſeſſed of this Melancholy, hath both Soul and Body as glued unto the earth. The chief place of this Humour is the Spleen, though it be in many other divers places. Now for all theſe Humours, it is good for a man firſt to make a wiſe ſcrutiny, whether he be inclining to the exceſs of any of them; then to uſe a Diet, and to reject ſuch Nutriment, as will increaſe this Humour which is predominant in him. For the natures of all uſual Meats, Fruits, Liquors, Spices, Herbs, and ſuch like, it is eaſie for a man of Reading or Judgment, perfectly to be acquainted with, or at leaſt to give a gueſs at their Properties and Qualities.

For this purpoſe Maſter *Cogan* hath made an Abſtract of our ancient Authors, not unworthy to be peruſed, intituled, *The Haven of Health*, wherein is ſet down a *Criterion* of uſual Qualities, and predominant Properties, inherent in the forenamed Subjects.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the Conceits of Melancholy.

FErnelius defines this later kind of Melancholy, which is feculent and aduſt, to be *mentis alienatio, quâ laborantes vel cogitant, vel loquuntur, vel efficiunt abſurda, longe q; à ratione, & conſilio abhorrentia, eáque omnia cum metu & mœſtitia:* a loſs of Wit, wherewith one being affected, either imagines, ſpeaks, or doth any fooliſh actions, ſuch as are altogether exorbitant from Reaſon, and that with great timorouſneſs and ſorrow. They that be accloyed with it are not only out of temper for their Organs of Body, but their Minds alſo are ſo out of Frame, and Dictate, that they are in bondage to many ridiculous Paſſions, imagining that they ſee and feel ſuch things as no man elſe can either perceive or touch: like to him in *Ariſtotle*, of whom the Philoſopher ſays it happened unto him, οὐκ ὀξὺ βλέποντι, &c. who being pur-blind, thought he always ſaw the Image of one as he was walking abroad, to be an adverſe object unto him. We will treat of ſome merry

Fernelius

Ariſt. lib. 3. meteor. cap. 4.

merry Examples, whereof we read in *Galen*, lib. 3. *de locis affectis*, in *Laurentius Medices* cap. 7. *de morbis Melanchol.* In *Ætius*, *Scaliger*, *Agrippa*, *Athenæus*, and others. There was one poſſeſs'd with this Humour, that took a ſtrong Conceit, that he was changed into an earthen Veſſel; who earneſtly entreated his Friends in any caſe not to come near him, leſt peradventure by their juſtling of him, he might be ſhak'd or cruſh'd to pieces.

Another ſadly fixing his Eyes on the Ground, and hurckling with his Head to his ſhoulders, fooliſhly imagin'd, that *Atlas*, being faint and weary of his burthen, would ſhortly let the Heavens fall upon his Head, and break his Crag.

There is mention made of one that perſwaded himſelf he had no Head, but that it was cut off. The Phyſician, *Philotinus*, to cure him, cauſed a heavy ſteel Cap to be put on his Head, which weighed ſo heavy, & pinch'd him ſo grievouſly, that he cryed amain, His Head ak'd: Thou haſt then a Head belike, quoth *Philotinus*.

Julius Scaliger relates a merry Tale of a certain man of good eſteem, that ſitting at the Table at Meat, if he chanced to hear the Lute

Lute played upon, took ſuch a Conceit at the ſound, or ſomething elſe, that he could not hold his Urine, but was conſtrained eft to piſs amongſt the Strangers legs under the Table. But this belongs to an *antipathy* more.

Jul. Scaliger.

There was one ſo Melancholick, that he confidently did affirm his whole Body was made of Butter; wherefore he never durſt come near any fire, leſt the heat ſhould have melted him.

Cippus, an *Italian* King, beholding and wondring at in the day time the fight of two great Bulls on the Theatre, when he came home, took a Conceit he ſhould be Horned alſo: wherefore ſleeping upon that ſtrong conceit, in the morning he was perceived to have real Horns budding forth of his brow, only by a ſtrong imagination, which did elevate ſuch groſs vegetative Humour thither, as did ſerve for the growth of Horns.

We read of one that did conſtantly believe that he was the ſnuff of a Candle; wherefore he entreated the Company about him to blow hard, leſt he ſhould chance to go out.

Peter Meſſ. and Corn. Agrippa. lib. 1. Occult. Phil. cap. 64.

Another upon his Death-bed greatly groaned, and was vexed within himſelf above meaſure with a Phantaſie; Who being demanded

manded why he was ſo ſorrowful; and bidden withal to caſt his Mind upon Heaven? Anſwered, That he was well content to die, and would gladly be at Heaven, but he durſt not travel that way, by reaſon of many theeves, which lay in wait and ambuſh for him in the middle Region, among the Clouds.

There was an Humorous Melancholick Scholar, who being cloſe at his Study, as he was wiping his rheumatick Noſe, preſently imagined that his Noſe was bigger then his whole Body, and that the weight of it weighed down his Head, ſo that he altogether was aſhamed to come into Company. The Phyſicians, to cure him of this conceit, invented this means; they took a great quantity of fleſh, having the proportion of a Noſe, which they cunningly joyned to his Face whiles he was aſleep: then being waked, they razed his Skin with a Razor till the Bloud thrilled down, and while he cryed out vehemently for the pain, the Phyſician with a jerk twitch'd it from his face, and threw it away.

Of his conceit that thought himſelf Dead, it is related of many, who was Cured after this manner; They furniſh'd a Table with variety of Diſhes, and cauſed three or four

in

in white linnen-ſheets to ſit down and eat the Meat in his preſence; who demanded what they were? they anſwered that they were Ghoſts. Nay then, replyed he, If Spirits eat, then I think I may eat too; and ſo he fell roundly to his victuals, having not eat any in a ſeven night before.

There was one that took a conceit he was a God; who was thus Cured of his Malady: he was pent up in an Iron Grate, and had no Meat given him at all, only they adored him, and offered to his deity the fumes of frankincenſe, and odours of delicate Diſhes, which always paſt by him: whoſe deity grew at length ſo hungry, that he was fain to confeſs his Humanity, unleſs he meant to have been ſtarved.

The like we read to be reported of *Menecrates*, who being a great Phyſician, and doing many wonderful Cures, had ſuch a ſwelling Pride, and over-weening Opinion of himſelf, that he eſteemed himſelf a god: wherefore he thus wrote to *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, Μενεκράτης ζεὺς Φιλίππῳ ἐυχαίρειν; Thou rulest in *Macedon*, I in Medicine: thou canſt deſtroy thoſe that are well, if it pleaſe thee, I can reſtore health to them that are ill: I can deliver the ſtrong

from

from ſickneſs, if they will obey my Precepts, ſo that they may come to the pitch of old age. I *Jupiter* give life unto them. But it is apparent by *Athenæus*, that he did this as beſides himſelf with Melancholy, for theſe be his words, Πρὸς ὃν μελαγχολῶντα ἐπέστειλεν ὁ Φίλιππος, Μενεκράτει ὑγιαίνειν, that is, *Unto whom, being poſſeſs'd with this mad humor of Melancholy*, Philip *writ in an Epiſtle thus*, Philip to Menecrates ſanitatem mentis, *his right wits*. There was one, that perſwaded himſelf, he was ſo light, that he got him iron ſhoes, leſt the wind ſhould have taken up his heels. Another ridiculous fool, of *Venice*, verily thought his ſhoulders, and buttocks were made of brittle glaſs; wherefore he ſhunned all occurrents, and never durſt ſit down to meat, leſt he ſhould have broken his crackling hinderparts, nor ever durſt walk abroad, leſt the glazier ſhould have caught hold on him, & have uſed him for quarriels and panes But of all conceited famous fools, he is moſt worthy to be canoniz'd in the *Chronicles* of our memory, that choſe rather to die, then to let his Urine go: for he aſſuredly believed, that with once making water he ſhould drown

Athen. li. 7. pag. 289.

all the houſes, and men in the Town, where he went: to the taking away of which conceit, & to make him vent his Bladder, which otherwiſe would in a ſhort time have cauſed him to die: they invented this Quirk, to wit, to ſet an old ruinous Houſe forthwith on fire, the Phyſicians cauſed the Bells to be rung backward, and entreated a many to run to the fire; preſently one of the chief Inhabitants of the Town came running poſt-haſt to the ſick man, and let him underſtand the whole matter, ſhewing him the fire: and withal deſiring him of all favour very earneſtly, and with counterfeit tears, to let go his Urine, and extinguiſh this great flame, which otherwiſe would bring a great endamagement to the whole Town, and that it would burn alſo the Houſe up where he did dwell: who, preſently not perceiving the guile, and moved by the man's pitiful lament, and outcry, ſent forth an abundant ſtream of Urine, and ſo was recovered of his malady. Divers other pleaſant Examples are recited by ancient Writers; but our ſhort breathing pen haſtens to the race's end.

CAP. XIV.

CAP. XIV.

Of the Dreams of Complexions.

THe *Poetical* Writers make mention of two sorts of *Dreams*, the one proceeding *ex eburnea*, the other *è porta cornea*: from the former Gate fabulous, and false events do issue, from the latter true and full of soothfastness: which *Coluthus* the *Thebane* Poet in his *Helene*'s rape thus describs.

Νὺξ δὲ πόνων ἄμπαυμα μέτ' ἠελίοιο κελεύθους
Ὕπνον ἐλαφρίζουσα μητήορος ὤπασεν ἐὼς
Ἀρχομένη: δοιὰς δὲ πύλας ὤιξεν ὀνειρων:
Τὴν μὲν ἀλήθειας κεράων ἀπελάμπετο κόσμῳ,
Ἔνθεν ἀναθρώσκουσι θεῶν νεκερτέες ὄμφαι:
Τὴν δὲ δολοφροσύνης κενέων θρέπτειραν ὀνείρων.

Colutuus in Ἑλένης. ἁρπαγῇ.

Which *Virgil*, in the 6 of the *Ænead.* at the end thus also paints forth.

Maro. 6. Ænead.

Sunt geminæ somni portæ, quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris
Altera candenti perfecta nitens Elephanto;
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.

Which two gates, maugre this my waiward and dumpiſh *Genius*, which hales me at this inſtant from my Poetical throne, I will thus deſcribe in our tongue,

Where ſlumbering Morpheus *wons there been two gates,*
Twixt both dull Somnium *in her cabbin lies,*
Who half aſleep hard at the dawning waits,
To anſwer our nocturnal phantaſies:
Of horn it is, whence ſhe doth propheſie;
Whence not, it is of burniſh'd Ivory.

Lucian in his Gallus, or Somnium ſpeaks alſo of duæ aureæ portæ, two golden gates.

Of theſe *Homer*, *Od.* 19. a little after *Penelope's* Dream of the gooſe; *Auſonius* in his *Ephem. Hor. Carm.* 3. 27. *Lucian*, *Plato*, and many others make mention. And true it is, that all Dreams be either true, or falſe, either Prognoſticous of ſome event to fall out, or falſe illuſions: as when we Dream we have ſtore of gold with *Lucian*, and all our gold is turned into coals. But, to draw more near unto our purpoſe, Dreams be of three kinds, as *Joach. Fortius Ringelberg* notes, *Fatal*, *Vain*, *Natural*.

Fatal, or portentuous, which do fore-divine, and are as it were Prophets to preſage & foretel events that ſhall happen unto us, whether

whether they be allegorical or not: such a Dream is called ὄνειρον, of ὄν and εἴρω, as the Schoolmen speak, because they foreshew an existent thing to come as we would say. It is termed θεόπεμπτον, and θείη ὀμφὴ, especially if they be in a high measure, although *Aristotle* denies, that any Dream is sent of God, but prophanely.

For this is the difference between ἐνύπνιον & ὄνειρον, saith *Suid.* that the first is ἀσήμαντον καὶ οὐδενὸς προαγορεύτικον, the last foreprophesies. These ὄνειρα or fatal Dreams be prognosticous of either good, or bad success, as this; *Hecuba* Dreamed that she had brought forth a burning Torch, which was an intimate of *Paris*, who was then in her Womb, and who should in after-times be the destruction and fire-brand of *Troy*. So *Cæsar* the Dictator Dreamed he had copulation with his Mother, which did uncloud as by a silent oracle, that the Earth, the Mother of all things, should be under his subjection.

Suidas.

Cicero.

Penelope Dreamed of twenty Geese, that came into her Hall, and did peck up all her Wheat: and that an Eagle came from an high Mountain, and seizing upon them did eftsoon kill them. Which was a shadow of

Hom. 19. od

Vlyſſes (by the Eagle) who ſhould put the ſuiters of *Penelope* to flight.

Herod. & Juſtin. *Aſtyages* ſaw in his ſleep a viſion of a Vine, which did ſpred it ſelf from the Womb of his only Daughter, by whoſe flouriſhing branches all *Aſia* was overſhadowed. Which foretold by the Augurs was a ſhadow of *Cyrus*, by whoſe means *Aſtyages* ſhould loſe his Kingdome.

Apuleius de dogm. Plat. l. 2. & Laert. *Socrates* in *Diogenes Laertius* Dreamed, that he ſaw a young Cygnet wax fledg in his boſome, and eft being winged, to flie aloft, and fill the Air with melodious Carols. Which did as it were predivine the admirable eloquence of *Plato* his Scholer.

The Hiſtory is well known of *Crœſus* his Dreams; whereof *Pertelot* ſpeaks to *Chaunticlere*, in the merry tale of the Nuns Prieſt.

Lo Creſus, *which was of* Lydia *King,*
Dream'd he not that he ſate upon a Tree,
Which ſignified that he ſhould hanged be.

Many more be rehearſed in that place, which is worthy to be read, wherein the Poet ſhews himſelf both a Divine, an Hiſtorian, a Philoſopher,

losopher, & Physician. Intreating of dreams, we will not intermeddle with these; the ominous and fatal Dreams we read of in the sacred wit. One portentous dream I will recite which comes to my memory, and which I my self heard related of the party that dreamed it.

There was one, that dreamed she was walking in a greenish mead, all fragrant with beautiful flours, and flourishing plants, who whilest she wondred and stood as amaz'd at the glory of the spring, an ancient sir, all wither'd, and lean-faced with oldness, the very emblem of death, made toward her with a green bough in his hand, sharpening it at the end; who as she fled away from his pursuit, darted it often at her, the branch three times coming very near her, yet did not touch her at all: who when he see he could not prevail with his aim, vanished eft away, and left the bough behind, and she as astounded and affrighted with the dream, presently awoke. Now mark the sequel of it: within three days after she was for her recreation-sake walking in a greenish inclosure hard by a pond side, and on a sudden her brain was so intoxicate & distempered, whether with a spice of a *Vertigo*, or what amazing disease soever, I

know not, but ſhe was hurried into a deep with her head forward, being in a great peril of drowning, and if ſhe had not caught faſt hold by chance of a branch that hung over the water, ſhe had been drowned indeed.

There alſo are fatal dreams: as when we dream of Eagles flying over our heads, it portends infortunateneſs. To dream of marriages, dancing, and banqueting, foretels ſome of our kinsfolks are departed: to dream of ſilver, ſorrow, if thou haſt it given thy ſelf: of Gold, good fortune. To loſe an axle-tooth, or an eye, the death of ſome ſpecial friend. To dream of bloody teeth, the death of the dreamer: to weep in ſleep, joy: to contemplate ones face in the water, and to ſee the dead, long life. To handle lead, ſome melancholick diſeaſe. To ſee a hare, death. To dream of chickens, and birds, commonly ill luck. All which, and a thouſand more, I will not aver to be true, yet becauſe I have found them or many of them fatal, both by mine own and others experience, and to be ſet down of learned men; and partly to ſhew what an ominous dream is, I thought good to name them in this Chapter.

Vain dreams be, when a man imagines he

he doth ſuch things in his ſleep, which he did the day before, the ſpecies being ſtrongly fixed in his phantaſie, as if he having read of a *Chimæra*, *Sphynx*, *Tragelaphus*, *Centaurus*, or any the like Poetical fiction, ſees the like formed in his phantaſie, according to their peculiar parts: and ſuch as when we dream we are performing any bodily exerciſe, or laughing, or ſpeaking, &c. Theſe alſo may be fatal, as if we dream we do not any thing with the ſame alacrity, with the like cunning, and in the ſame excellency in our ſleep, as we did them in the day time, they foreſhew ſome perturbation of body, ſo ſaith the Phyſician in his treatiſe of Dreams: for he ſaith that thoſe Dreams, which are not adverſe to diurnal actions, and that appear in the purity of their ſubjects, and eminency of the conceived ſpecies, are intimates of a good ſtate of health: as to ſee the Sun and Moon not eclipſed, but in their ſheen glory: to journey without impediment in a plain ſoil; to ſee the trees ſhoot out, and ladened with variety of fruits, brooks ſliding in ſweet meads with a ſoft murmure, clear waters, neither ſwelling too high, nor running

Hippoc. lib. of Dreams.

ning nigh the chanel, thoſe ſometimes are vain, and portend nothing at all: ſometimes they ſignifie a ſound temperature of Body.

The laſt kind, which is moſt appertinent to our treatiſe, is a Dream natural: this ariſeth from our complexions, when humors be too abundant in a weight, as if one be Cholerick of complexion, to dream of fire-works, exhalations, comets, ſtreaking and blazing meteors, skirmiſhing, ſtabbing, and the like. If Sanguine, to dream of beautiful women, if flowing ſtreams of blood, of pure purple colours. If Phlegmatick, to dream of ſurrounding waters, of ſwimming in rivers, or torrents, and ſudden ſhowers, &c. If Melancholick, to dream of falling down from high Turrets, of travelling in dark ſolemn places, to lie in caves of the earth, to dream of the Devil, of black furious Beaſts, to ſee any the like terrible aſpects.

Cœl. Rhod. *Albertus Magnus* Dreamed that he drunk black pitch, who in the morning when he awoke did avoid abundance of black Choler.

Concerning theſe forenamed complexionate Dreams look *Hippocrates de inſomniis*,

nius, sect. 4. But these may belong more unto a distemperature by a late misdiet in any complexion confusedly, then to a natural complexion indeed: as when a man after a tedious wearisom journey doth inflame his body with too much wine, in his sleep he shall see fires, drawn swords, and strange phantasmas to affright him, of what complexion soever he be. So if we overdrink our selves we shall dream (our nature being well nigh overcome) that we are in great danger of drowning in the waves. so if we feed on any gross meats, that lie heavy upon our stomach, and have a dyspepsy, or difficult concoction, we shall dream of tumbling from the top of high hills, or walls, & awaken withal before we come to the bottome, as we know by experience in our own body, thogh not of a melancholick constitution; yet it should seem too, that this humor at that instant domineers especially, by reason of the great tickling of our spleen in falling from any high room, which we eath perceive when we awake suddenly out of that dream. They that are desirous further to quench their thirst concerning this point, let them repair to the fountains, I mean to the plentiful writing of such learned authors, as write

of

of dreams more copiouſly, as of *Cardan* that writes a whole treatiſe *de inſomniis*, and the Alphabet of dreams, and *Peter Martyr*, *part.* 1. *com. pla. cap.* 5. and many others.

CAP. XV.

Of the exacteſt temperature of all, whereof Lemnius *ſpeaks.*

THey that never have reliſhed the verdure of dainty delicates, think homely fare is a ſecond diſh, ſaith the Poet: they that never have been raviſhed with the ſenſe-bereaving melody of *Apollo*, imagin *Pan*'s pipe to be ſurpaſſing muſick, they that never have heard the ſweet-voic'd Swan, and the Nightingal ſing their ſugred notes, do perſwade themſelves that Graſhoppers & Frogs with their *brekekekex coax* can ſing ſmoothly, when they croak harſhly, as *Charon* in *Ariſtophan.* bidding *Bacchus*, as he paſt to hell in his boat over *Acheron*, to row hard, for then he ſhould hear a melodious ſound of frogs.

Ariſt. in his Rana.

——Βατραχων κύκνων θαυμασά, &c.

Singing like ſwans before their death, ſo they that

that have never ſeen in any, or at leaſt never contemplated this heavenly harmonical craſis, this excellent and golden temperature, this temperament *ad pondus*, do ſurmiſe that there cannot be a more perfect craſis, and ſweet complexion, then thoſe that are vulgar to the common eye, when indeed there is no complexion, no temper that is perfect and pure to any eye, though the Sanguine do excel all the reſt.

Quantũ lenta ſolent inter viburna Cupreſſi.

As far as the high and beautiful Cypres-tree peers over the limber ſhrub, & lower Tamarisk. This golden temperature muſt be only underſtood, and ſeen with the internal eys of reaſon, ſeeing it hath not a real exiſtence. Which we may deſcribe notwithſtanding, to ſhew how near he that hath the beſt, coms nie unto the beſt, & how far he that hath the worſt doth wander & digreſs from the beſt. He, whom we are taking in hand to blazon out according to our meaner penſil, may be likened to *Cicero*'s & *Quintilian*'s orator, to *Xenophon*'s *Cyrus*, to *Ariſtotle*'s *felix*, to Sir *Thomas Moor*'s *Eutopia*, to *Homer*'s *Achilles* to the *Stoicks* perfect man, to *Enripides* his happy

happy ſoul, in the end of his *Electra*, and in his *Hecuba*, where he ſaith,

—Κεῖνος δ' ὀλβιώτατος
Ὅτῳ κατ' ἦμαρ τυγχάνει μηδὲν κακόν.

Hecuba her words in Euripides.

He is in a moſt happy caſe, to whom never a day there happens any ill. There was never any of theſe in the ſame perfection they are deſcribed: who is ſo happy? nay, who on earth almoſt cannot ſay with the Sycophant in *Ariſtophanes*,

Ariſt in his Plut. act. 4. Scen. 3.

Καὶ τρὶς κακοδαίμων κἀτετράκις, κἀ
Πεντάκις, κἀδωδεκάκις, κἀμυριάκις.

I am thrice unhappy, and four times and five times, and 12 times, and an hundred times. None of theſe (I ſay) are limd out, as if there were the like in eminency and dignity, but either for affection, or a fume of glory, by their applauſive deſcription, or elſe for a *debere*, to ſhew what they ought to be, ſo this temperature muſt be depainted forth of us, not according to his exiſtency, as if there were the like extant, but according to a kind of exigency, as it ſhould be inherent. The man then that hath this craſis is abſolute in the

the equal poize of the elements, he is ſaid to be perfect according to the perfect ſquare of *Polycletus*, who (as *Fabian* reports) for his cunning did merit a name above all mortal men, for carving images, being called the *Archetypus* of all artificers: in this eucraſy there is an abſolute ſymmetry, a ſweet conſent, a harmony of the firſt qualities, in the whole ſubject a conſpiration of all faculties. He that is endowed with it, all his ſences are vigorous and lively, all his innate powers do performe their duties, without endammagement each to other, and without impeachment to the whole. His material parts have ἴδατος λεπτότατον, καὶ πυρὸς ἀραιότερον, which implies that there is σύγκρασις ὑγιεινοτάτη: His brain is neither moiſt, nor dry, his mind acute, induſtrious, provident, his maners incorrupt, wit ſingular, dexterical, pregnant, admirable: his memory ſtable, like unto *Seneca*'s, who witneſſeth of himſelf, that he could eaſily have recited by heart many things, *uſque ad miraculum*, to the admiration of all men. Like unto *Caſar*'s, who could ſpeak two and twenty Languages, write, invent, and underſtand a tale told, all at one time: his nature calm, not expoſed to the blaſt of vitious perturbations,

Hip. de vict. li. 1. ſect. 4.

Sen. in prolig. ad Declam.

bations, as he is not raſh and heady in his attempts, ſo is he no procraſtinator, but in all enterprizes making choice of wiſdome and judgment, his Delegates, his diſpoſition is ſo generous, that without all compulſion he will rain in his headſtrong and untamed appetite with the bridle of reaſon. He is neither puffed up with proſperity, nor of an abject and drooping carriage by adverſity, though he be toſſed never ſo upon the ſurging waves of fortune: he holds faſt the helm of confidence, never in the leaſt danger to ſink down to the gulfy bottom of deſpair. Being in a peck of troubles, he loſes not a grain of courage, and true fortitude. For patience he is another *Atlas*, that will cage a whole world of injuries without fainting, in whom are affections, but they be all uſed in their proper objects, he follows not their ſtream, he is witty, not addicted to ſcurrility, all his conceits are ſeaſoned with the ſalt of diſcretion, as they taſt not of a ſcenical levity, ſo they reliſh not a cynical gravity and ſeverity. In matters of moment he demeans himſelf as a grave umpire, with all wiſe deportment he balances al his words and deeds with gravity, and diſcretion, his

tongue

tongue is the Uſher of his ſage advice, repentance, which uſually lies at the door of raſh folly, never once comes ſo much as within the precinct of his Court: for his chaſtity he is an admirable preſident, and pattern; his cryſtal eyes, and ſweet countenance, are the heraulds, and characters of his gracious, and compenable, and vertuous mind; his very nod is vices ſcourge: in his whole habit, colour, lineaments, beauty, portraiture, there appears an heroical majeſty, there ſhines an admirable decency, inſomuch that he may eaſily allure the greedy ſpectator, not only to ſtand admiring of him, but withall entirely to embrace, and love him. His head is not oblique & angular, but right orbicular: his hair not harſh, but ſmooth and ſoft: his forehead not harbouring in the wrinkling pale envy, but like theirs rather,

Qui Thymelem ſpectant, deriſoremq; Catonem.

His face is not overſpred with the clouds of diſcontent at any time, but having a lovely amiable aſpect full of all pleaſance, wherein the ſnowy Lilly & the purple Roſe do ſtrive for preheminence, and dominion. In his life

he is neither a *Democritus*, who ever laugh'd nor an *Heraclitus*, always blubbering, as the Poet ſpeaks of them,

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat
Democritus, *quoties à limine moverat unum*
Prohibuitque pedem: flevit contrarius alter.

The one each where with ever-kincking vain
The bellows of his breath he tore in twain:
The other with a double-ſluced eye
Did ſacrifice his tears to vanity.

His gate alſo is ſage & grave, not affected & ſtrouting like a Stage-player: his whole body (as *Marlo* ſaith of *Leander*) as ſtraight as *Circes* wand: he is all gratious to behold: like *Achilles*, of whom *Maximus Tyrius* ſays, he was not only to be extolled for his external and golden locks, (for *Euphorbus* in like manner had fair yellow hair) but becauſe he was adorned with all virtue: in whom, as *Muſæus* ſaith of *Hero*, there was above the ordinary number among the Poets, to wit an hundred Graces: he is all favor, as *Amarantha* in the Poet was all *Venus*,

Sannazar. lib. 2

Hic Amarantha *jacet, quæ, ſi fas vera fateri,*
Aut

Aut Veneri *ſimilis, vel* Venus *ipſa fuit.*

Here Amarantha *lies, who was of right*
Like Venus *fair, or certes* Venus *ſh ght.*

Like *Epheſius Euthymicus*, of whom *Achilles Tatius* ſaith, that he was——καλὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις ὅσον Ῥοδόπη ἐν παρθένοις, as fair among men, as *Rhodope* amongſt the Virgins; like *Pindar's Alcymedon*, of whom he ſays, *Achil. Tat. li. 8. p. 206*

——τὸν δ' ἐσορᾶν καλὸς, ἔργῳ
Οὐ καὶ εἶδος ἐλέγχων. *Pindar. Olymp. od. 8.*

He was comely, and fair-viſag'd, and did not ſhadow his beauty by any blemiſh of bad action. In whom both for internal and external good (as it was once ſpoke of that worthy Emperor *Mauritius*) true piety and felicity linked themſelves together, the former forcing the later: who covered not only his head with the crown, and clad his limbs in purple, but embelliſh'd his mind alſo with precious ornaments: who of all other Emperors empir'd over his own perſon, tyrannizing as it were over the democracy of baſe affections. Yet more for his generous ſpirit, & ſingular wiſdom, for that internal beauty *Euagrius Schol. li. 6. ca. 1.*

he is like to *Socrates*, of whom *Xenophon* in that pithy Apology saith, Ἐγὼ μὲν καταννοῶν, &c. When I do call to mind the man himself, his wisdome, his generous mind, neither can I not remember him, nor remembring of him not highly extol him: and this I will say, that if any of them, which have a zealous desire to obtain virtue, do converse with any, with whom he may more profit himself, him sure I judge most worthy of the fellowship of the Gods. To wind up our speech with a pathetical place of the Poet; For all absoluteness he is like unto that famous *Stilichon*, of whom *Claudian* in his *Panegyrik*, first inferring this (which agrees with that speech of *Maximus Tyrius*, concerning the Goddesses, in the 24 Serm. in some sort) that all good hap is granted to no man, some is graced with this beauty on this part, some on that, none have all favor, saith highly in his praise, that others, having but the compendium of excellency, he alone had it in the greatest volumns.

Xenophon *in his Apology for Socrates at the very end.*

Claudianus *in the* 3 *of his Panegyrik.*

——*sparguntur in omnes,*
In te mixta fluunt, & quæ divisa beatos
Efficiunt, collecta tenes.——

All

All those gifts, which are disperſ'd among all, are combined in thee, and whoſe ſeveral parcels, and, as we may ſay, very drops to taſte on, were happineſs, they all concur in thee, thou haſt the courſe, and full ſtream, whereby thou maiſt even bath thy ſelf in bliſs.

So Angelus Pol. *ſaies of* La. Medices *in his* 4 *Epiſt. epiſt.* 2 Jacobo Antiquarion. *Quibus in ſingulis excellere alii magnum putant, ille univerſiis pariter eminere.*

Now my pen will needs take his leave of his fair Love, the paper, with blubbering as you ſee theſe ruder tears of ink: if there be any parergetical clauſes, not ſuting true judgment, & as impertinent to this our Treatiſe, as ſurely ſome there be, I muſt needs ingeniouſly confeſs it as a default.

Τὸ μὲν πάρεργον ἔργον ποιεῖν,
Ἔργον δὲ τὸ πάρεργον ἀκπονεῖν. *Athenæus.*

That I may ſpeak, though not with the very words, yet according to the ſenſe of *Agathon* in *Athenæus*, to make a by-work a work is to make our work a by-work: yet am I not plunged over head and ears in *Parergas*. They are (if it were ſo, that I made much uſe of them) but as our Poetical *Epiſodions*, as *Virgil* hath in his *Culex*, whereof *Joſeph Scaliger*, in his book entituled *Maronis appendix*, & in his comment upon theſe words [*inter quas impia Lotos impia*] in the

Culex ſaith, All theſe the Poet's deſcriptions, although they be nothing but *Parerga*, notwithſtanding they fill up the greateſt room of the pages of this Poem, ſo that there is the leaſt portion of that, which is moſt competent, and requiſit. So, in *Catullus* his deſcription of his *Pulvinar*, he writes moſt of the complaint of *Ariadne*, of the three fatal Ladies, but of god *Hymen*, & of Marriage ſcarce any whit at all. So in this *Culex*, ſaith he, are many words written in the praiſe of the rural life, the ſhepherd's happineſs, the limning out of plants, *&c.* but of the Gnat he ſpeaks leaſt of all: for ſaith he, *in pictura tam*
Page 17. *tenui niſi parerga adhibueris, quid dignum oculis proponi poteſt?* in ſo little a toy, unleſs there were *Obiters*, what would be worthy viewing? Which ſaying may not much be unfitting our purpoſe: though the Poets have a great Prerogative to arrogate whatſoever: I account this *pictura tenuis* in regard of it ſelf. And if not, I hope I may intermeddle now & then a thing incidently by the way, ſo it be not wholly out of the way. I know ſome ſelf-conceited nazold, and ſome jaundice-fac'd ideot, that uſes to deprave and detract from mens worthineſs by their baſe obloquy (the very lime-twig

of

of our flying fame)& that with *Ariſtarchus*, read over, and over-read a book, only to ſnarl at, like curious currs, and malign the Author, not to cull out the choiceſt things to their own ſpecial uſe: like venomous Spiders, extracting a poyſonous humor, where the laborious Bees do ſip out a ſweet profitable juyce: ſome ſuch, I ſay, may peradventure be moved at theſe *Parergas*, & other eſcapes, as though they alone were *Italian Magnific*'s and great *Turks* for Secretariſhip. But, if they be grieved, let their toad-ſwoln gals burſt in ſunder for me with puffing choler; let them turn the buckle of their dudgeon anger behind, leſt the tongue of it catch their own dottril skins, I weigh them not a niſle. When they have ſpoke all they can, ſilly ſouls, they can work themſelves no great advancement, and me no great diſparagement. But here will we now caſt our happy anchor, being in the road, and haven of our expectation, this little Bark of ours being ſouc'd in cumberſome waves, which never tryed the foaming main before, hath toiled long enough upon the Ocean. *Phœbus* beginneth low to waſt, yea now is gone down to viſit and call up the drowſie *Antipodes*: if the radiant morn of favor do greet

Theodor. in ſerm. 1. ſic Iſocr in demonic. 1. in fine.

us with ſerenity of countenance, we mean to attempt a further *Indian* voyage, & by the happy means of our helm-miſtreſs *Minerva*, wee'll fraught and ballaſt our little Ship with a golden traffique, what unrefined metal ſoever ſhe is now laden withall. In the mean time we will lay in morgage a piece of our fallowed invention, till our bankrupt faculty be able to repay that deeper debt we ow to Learning.

FINIS.

The Close.

AS flaring *Phœbus* with his radiant face,
Enthroniz'd in a golden chair of flame,
The watching candles of the night doth chase
To seek out hidden cells, all passionate:
So man, in richest robes of Nature drest,
Doth quite obscure the glory of the rest.
Whate'ver thing is seen, it hath its peer:
The City a Sovereign, the Heavens a Sun,
The Birds an Eagle, Beasts a *Lyon* fear:
The Flow'rs a Rose, in th'limbs an *Heart* doth won:
The World a Centre: Centre hath a Man,
Her Lording, Primate, Metropolitan.
This man's a little world, the Artists say,
Wherein a wise Intelligence doth dwell,
That Reason hight, which ought to bear the sway,
The Spheres our limbs, in motion that excel.
The consort, which by moving hence doth fall,
Yields harmony to both Angelical.
Man's rarer gifts if we do duly scan,
Sage wisdome, peerless wit, and comely feature,
He seems a very Demi-God, no man,
Embellished with all the gifts of Nature:
His heavenly soul is, in his earthly mold,
An orient pearl within a ring of *Gold*.
His comely body is a beautious Inn,
Built fairly to the owner's princely mind,
Where wand'ring virtues lodg oft lodg'd with sin:
Such pilgrims kindest entertainment find.
An Inn said I? O no, that name's unfit,
Sith they stay not a night, but dwell in it.

Man

Man is the Centre's rareſt wonderment,
Who waxeth proud with this her carriage,
And decks her ſelf with *Arras* ornament,
For him to tread, as on a lofty ſtage.
For him once yearly ſhe her ſelf does dight
With greeneſt Smarald, to refreſh his ſight.
The heavens are full of ſadder anguiſhment,
That they enjoy not ſuch a worthy wight:
The earth is full of dreary languiſhment,
That Heavens envy her that's hers by right.
The Sun, that ſtrives all day with him for grace,
At night for ſhame is fain to ſhroud his face.
Fair *Cynthia*'s often in the plaing wain,
When ſhe enjoys not his ſociety:
And oft her glory is at full again,
When he but dains to view her Deity.
Whilom enveloped in miſty cares,
She now diſplays her bright diſhevel'd hairs.
True Imago of that high celeſtial power,
Equal to Angels in thy happy ſtate,
Whoſe happy ſoul ſhould be a pleaſant bower
For Sanctity, her ſelf to recreate,
By right *Pandora* hath enriched thee
With goldem gifts of Immortality.
Thus man is made, though he himſelf doth mar
By that alluring ſin of Luxury:
And from his excellency wendeth far,
By letting looſe the reins to Venery:
His ſoul in luſt, till death away it hent,
Like *Æſop*'s pearl is in a dunghil pent.
Look as the ſable night with jetty hew
In darkneſs muffles up the gladſom day,
And *Cynthia* in her cloudy cell doth mew,
Leſt ſhe the night's foul viſage ſhould bewray:
So noyſom riot, riſing as a damp,
Doth quite extinguiſh Reaſon's burning lamp.

Chief

Chief foe-man unto man is lavish Riot,
Which makes him be inferiour unto man:
For when the appetite o're-runs his dyet,
The soul-infeebled powers full little can.
Of glorious creatures greater is the fall:
Corruption of the best is worst of all.
Reason's fair'st turret highly seated is,
(Seat of the soul's pow'r, which doth most excel)
Within like turnings of *Meander* 'tis,
Or labyrinth, where *Rosamond* did dwell;
A triple wall th' Anatomists espie,
Before you come where *Rosamond* doth lie.
The first is made of Elephantine tooth,
Strongly compact, his figure circular,
The wall rough-cast, and yet the work is smooth.
The faireſt things not ever object are:
So cloudy curtains drawn o're th'azur'd skie,
(As eye-lids) cover *Phœbus* slumb'ring eye.
The other twain are not so strongly pight,
They rather serve for comely decency,
And teach us, that a Prince within doth sit,
Enthron'd in pomp in higheſt Majesty.
That things more highly priz'd are more pent in,
Leſt they might be entic'd with flatt'ring sin.
So th' horn-mad Bull must keep the golden fleece,
In bow'r of brass fair *Danaë* must be pent,
The Dragon watch your fruit *Hesperides*,
The all-eyd *Argus* must fair *Io* tent,
The labyrinth close peerleſs *Rosamond*,
The fragrant'ſt Rose must thorns environ round.
The wall, which framed is of Ivory,
A glorious double casement doth conceal,
Each answering both in uniformity,
And both the faireſt objects entertain:
The Optick nerves the Galleries, wherein
The soul doth walk, and these free objects win.

Within

Within this palace-wall a Goddess pure,
Whom *Ratio* all the learned Scholemen call,
Closely her self within doth here immure,
A Goddess sober, wise, celestial:
Who, sitting though within her regal chair,
Oft head-strong Appetites her overbear.
Riot, the Metropolitan of sins,
Laies daily siege against this goodly tow'r,
And first by pleasing baits *Riot* begins,
Then by constraint the Virgin doth deflowr.
The tow'r at length is raz'd by battery,
Which could not be o'recome by flattery.
Ay me! so fair a Fort to be thrown down,
That it so fair no longer time may last,
That Lust should be impal'd with Reason's crown,
That rav'nous Riot should this palace waste.
That she, the mistress of our lawless will,
With unclean excess thus her self should spill!
Ay monster-sin of pleasing Luxury,
The very hectick fever of the soul,
The harbinger of woful misery,
Sweet poyson quaff'd out of a golden bowl,
Phrensie of appetite, blind *Cupid*'s ginn,
To catch our brain-sick Amorettos in!
The *Lethe* of a stable memory,
The wild-fire of the wit, the mint of woes,
A falling-sickness to our treasury,
A mate, that e're with Irreligion goes,
An *Epicure*, that huggeth fading joy
Before eternity with least annoy.
Riot's a bark in th'mind's unconstant main,
Tost too and fro with wafts of Appetite;
Where Reason holds the helm with careful pain,
But cannot steer this laden keel aright.
Here wisdom, as a gally-slave, is pent,
Scourg'd with disgrace, and fed with discontent.

Now

Now eath it is to take the golden fleece,
The all ey'd *Argus* now asleep is cast,
The quick-ey'd Dragon's slain by *Hercules*,
Fair *Danae* is deflowr'd, though ne're so chast.
By clew of winding pleasures now is found
A tract to kill the leefest *Rosamond*.
Abandon, and shake hands with Riot then,
Once let him not in thy fair palace rest:
Happy's that soul, that well doth Riot ken,
That keeps not open house for such a guest:
Who loves to have his limbs with fatness lin'd,
There lives within his limbs a meager mind.
Defeat these dainty limbs of wonted fare.
Wean thou thy Appetite while it is young,
Lest that it surfeiting thy state impair,
With that two-fold Port-cullis of thy Tongue.
Stop thou the way, lest too much enter in,
The foe of virtue, but the friend of sin.
Who hunts nought else in th' *April* of his dales,
But *Persian* fare, too wanton merriment,
A winter storm, in *May*, his life shall graze,
His fatal end is pining dreariment.
The only meed, that comes by Luxury,
Is servile needful end, and obloquy.
Till fond desire be banish'd from within,
Against his liege a rebel he will rise,
Draw not the curtain o're this slumbring sin,
That light of Reason may him eft surprize.
For if in darkness thou dost let him lie,
He'll dream on nought but Hellish villany.
When *Morpheus* doth asleep thy senses lull,
Use sleep with sober moderation,
Too little weakens wit; too much doth dull,
And greatly hinders contemplation:
Who keeps a golden mean is sure to find
A healthful body, and a chearful mind.

Catastro-

Deign, *Granta's* Nymphs, our youth to entertain,
Until our wit can reach an *Ela* strain.
Ovid. Among *Cham's* silver swans, that sweetly sing,
We *Baucis* and *Philemon* present bring.
Julian. Great *Theseus*, though *Hecale* were not able,
Vouchsaf'd acceptance of her meaner table.
Ælian. Renowned *Artaxerxes* humbly took
The present of *Cyneas* from the brook.
Our power is as a drop, and little can;
Let this suffice, our mind's an Ocean.
E're long our Muse, if now you deign to spare,
Shee'll feed your ears with more delicious fare.

FINIS.

Qui non est hodiè, eras magis aptus erit.